
VIRGINIA

A

TRAGEDY.

VIRGINIA

TRAGEDY,

WITH

ODES, PASTORALS,

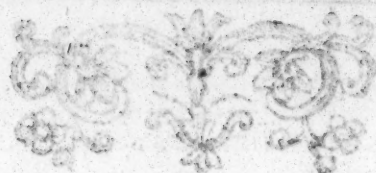
AND TRANSLATIONS.

By Mrs.



By Mrs.

Printed by W. Wood, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London.



LONDON.

Printed for the Author,
and sold by A. Miller in the Strand.

MDCCLVI

VIRGINIA

A

TRAGEDY,

WITH

ODES, PASTORALS,

AND TRANSLATIONS.

By Mrs. BROOKE. *15*

——— *I with Fear*

Repeat my Verses to the public Ear.

Francis's Horace 4th Sat. 1st Book.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

And sold by A. MILLAR in the Strand.

M DCC LVI.

VIRGINIA

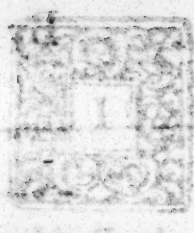
The Right Honorable

ELIZABETH CECIL

ODES, PASTORALS

AND TRANSLATIONS

By M. A. D. Y.



Obeying my ever ready commands

inclinations; and thus you are as gentle

to hear praise, as cautious to receive it

I will not offend your Modesty

I cannot but admire Indulge me now

ever Madam, in the Vanity of laying

I had your Obedience to give

its Volume to the World, on Con-

And sold by A. MILLAR in the Strand, London

M D C L V I



T O

The Right Honorable

T H E L A D Y

ELIZABETH CECIL.

M A D A M,



Have too great a Respect for your
Ladyship's Commands, to dis-
obey them, even when they contradict my
Inclinations ; and since you are as averse
to hear Praise, as studious to deserve it,
I will not offend that delicate Modesty
I cannot but admire. Indulge me how-
ever, Madam, in the Vanity of saying,
I had your Ladyship's Permission to pre-
fix your Name to these Papers, on Con-
dition

dition I avoided the usual Style of Dedicators; and permit me to add, that,

I am;

With the most unfeigned Respect,
And a Sincerity not always found in Addresses of this Nature,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

Most oblig'd,

Most obedient, and

Most devoted Servant,

FRANCES BROOKE.

P R E F A C E.

TH E Author of these poetical Attempts, begs Leave to say, that she should not have printed them, but that she is precluded from all Hopes of ever seeing the Tragedy brought upon the Stage, by there having been two so lately on the same Subject. If her's should be found to have any greater Resemblance to the two represented, than the Sameness of the Story made unavoidable, of which she is not conscious, it must have been accidental on her side, as there are many Persons, of very distinguished Rank, and unquestionable Veracity, who saw her's in Manuscript before the others appeared, and will witness for her, that she has taken no advantage of having seen them. She must here do Mr. *Crisp* the Justice to say, that any Resemblance must have been equally accidental on his part, as he neither did, nor could see her *Virginia* before his own was play'd ;

Mr.

Mr. *Garrick* having declined reading her's, till Mr. *Crisp's* was published.

She is sensible of the Danger of appearing in Print, and of the many Imperfections in these Pieces; but hopes, her Sex, and the early Time of Life at which most of them were wrote, will plead her Excuse; she asks no more, than to be read with the same Candor and Indulgence with which she herself reads the Productions of others.

One thing more she begs Leave to say, that she was greatly encouraged to this Publication, by the favorable Reception three Odes of her's met with, which were inserted in a weekly Paper called *The Old Maid*: as this Volume may possibly come into the Hands of Persons who are Strangers to the Paper, she has reprinted those Odes with the others.

And now, invoking the Powers for friendly Gales, she ventures to launch her little Bark into the wide Sea of Criticism, and

Trembling quits the Shore.



By this AUTHOR,

Speedily will be published,

PROPOSALS

For Printing by SUBSCRIPTION,

A POETICAL TRANSLATION

WITH NOTES.

OF

Il Pastor Fido,

AND OTHER POEMS.

FROM THE

ORIGINAL ITALIAN

OF

Signor *BATTISTA GUARINI.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Appius.

Virginus.

Icilius.

Numitorius.

Trebonius.

Claudius.

W O M E N.

Virginia.

Icilia.

Priestess of Diana, Virgins, Matrons, Romans, Liſtors, &c.

SCENE *Rome.*

ACT FIRST,

SCENE I.

[*The House of VIRGINIUS.*]

NUMITORIUS, VIRGINIA.

NUMITORIUS.

WEEP not, Virginia, all shall yet
be well ;
Now by my Sister's Shade, thy

virtuous Mother,
I swear the Tyrant shall not force thee from us ;
Why shou'dst thou fear his Power ? the Monster
dares not,
Howe'er he hop'd with Threats to move thy Soul,
Attempt to violate a free-born Virgin.

B

But

But say, Virginia, did not Appius try
 Each softer Method to seduce thy Virtue,
 E'er his stern Fury rose to threaten Force?

VIRGINIA.

O Sir! with all the Blandishments of Vice
 He first essay'd my Youth. With offer'd Power,
 And Vows of tenderest Passion, he protested,
 That did not his own Law forbid his Purpose,
 He wou'd divorce the Partner of his Bed,
 And place me there.

NUMITORIUS.

His Law! The Gods are just,
 And on himself retort his Insolence;
 Yes, let him sigh for a Plebeian Maid,
 And sigh in vain: by Heaven 'tis righteous Ven-
 geance.
 But does he talk of Laws? He, who has broke
 Through every sacred Bond? Who, on Pretence,
 Of framing Laws, has bid them all Defiance,
 And owns no Obligation but his Will?

Is this our Legislator? But proceed:
Tell me, Virginia, did he dare to offer
Terms of Disgrace and Shame?

VIRGINIA.

O Numitorius!

Spare my Confusion —

NUMITORIUS.

I trust, Virginia, you receiv'd his Love
With all the Pride of Virtue, all the Scorn,
And strong Resentment, of a Roman Maid
Who loves her Honour and her Liberty.

VIRGINIA:

Yes, fired with generous Rage, and fierce Disdain,
I told him, were he free, his Law repeal'd,
Himself the Son of Jove, I wou'd reject
His lawful Vows, and think the brave Icilius
Superior to the Tyrant of his Country.

NUMITORIUS.

How bore he this?

VIRGINIA.

He stood a Moment speechless,
Then, his Eyes flaming, wild with mad Revenge,
And disappointed Love, 'Tis well, he cry'd,
My Power may reach you yet, remember, Maid,
You have not now your Tribunes to protect you ;
Appius is Lord of Rome : then sudden turn'd,
And left me dead with Terror, for too well
I know his Power, and tremble for my Honor.

NUMITORIUS.

Why was this base Attempt at first conceal'd ?

VIRGINIA.

Alas ! I fear'd Icilius' Warmth of Temper ;
I knew his Love, and his impatient Spirit,
And hop'd my Scorn wou'd cure the Tyrant's
Passion.

NUMITORIUS.

Fear not, Virginia, soon our Roman Legions
Shall drive these rash Invaders rembling back ;

And

And crown'd with Laurel, midst his Fellow
Soldiers,

Thy Father shall return to join thy Hand
With young Icilius, and secure thy Virtue :
The holy Marriage Bed the wildest Nations,
E'en savage Gauls, regard with sacred Awe.
But I too long detain thee, 'tis the Hour
In which thy gentle Friend, the fair Icilia,
Expects thy Presence.— Ha ! Trebonius here !

SCENE II.

NUMITORIUS, TREBONIUS.

NUMITORIUS.

WELCOME, my dear Trebonius, from
the Camp :

How fares my valiant Brother ?

B 3

TRE-

TREBONIUS.

Well, my Friend ;
If Romans can be well when Slaves to Tyrants.

NUMITORIUS.

What brings you here ?

TREBONIUS.

Obedience to my Leader,
And Shame to see the Roman Legions fly :
Cornelius sends by me for fresh Supplies
To stop the conquering Equan Troops: Tomorrow
May bring them to these Walls. O, Numitorius !
These Eyes have seen the bravest Sons of Rome
Driven to their very Camp, like fearful Fawns,
By these oft beaten Equi, by the Foes
They once disdain'd, nor cou'd my Soul condemn
them :
Why shou'd they spend their dearest Blood for
Appius ?

NUMI-

NUMITORIUS.

For him indeed, for to his tow'ring Genius
 His Brother Tyrants bend ; they wait his Nod,
 And take the Word from him ; at his Command
 They steep their impious Hands in Blood, or
 load
 With slavish Chains their freeborn Countrymen.

TREBONIUS.

Each Hour brings fresh Disgrace ; our conquer-
 ing Army,
 Which pour'd the Tide of Victory along,
 And like a Torrent overflow'd the Nations,
 Now ebbs, retiring, at the slightest Breath
 Of Opposition.

NUMITORIUS.

Gods ! shall Romans fly,
 And from the timorous Equi ? Shall the Stag,
 The trembling Stag, pursue the lordly Lyon ?

TREBONIUS.

O, Rome ! imperial Rome ! How art thou fallen !
Behold ! the Roman Eagle, which e'erwhile
Soar'd with strong Pinion o'er the wondring
World,
Now spiritless, unnerv'd, with drooping Wing
Sits languid, all its daring Flights forgot,
Crush'd by th'oppressive Hand of Tyranny !

NUMITORIUS.

Yes, we are fallen indeed ! O, my Trebonius !
I blush to tell thee, but this Monster Appius
With brutal Love has dar'd t'insult Virginia,
Pledg'd as she is to brave Icilius.—

TREBONIUS.

Gods !
Even Sextus stole in secret to Lucretia,
Nor thus avow'd his Baseness !

SCENE III.

NUMITORIUS, TREBONIUS,

a Slave.

SLAVE.

NUMITORIUS,

This Moment as Virginia past the Forum,
To visit fair Icilia, she was seiz'd
By Claudius, Appius' most abandon'd Freedman,
Who call'd her Slave, and rudely dragg'd her off
To the Tribunal of his Lord. I hasten'd
To tell you this, nor know I more that past.

NUMITORIUS.

To his Tribunal? Gods! what can it mean?
The Tyrant cannot dare — O, Soldier! Friend!
Wilt thou assist us? Think of brave Virginius;
Is't fit his Daughter? — But I know thy Virtue.

TREBONIUS.

No more: away: my Sword and Arm are yours.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

THE FORUM,

APPIUS on his Tribunal, twelve Lictors with
Rods and Axes stand rang'd on each Side.

VIRGINIA, ICILIUS, CLAU-
DIUS, Romans.

CLAUDIUS.

(kneels.)

O, gracious Appius!

To whom the Injur'd never kneel in vain,
To you I bend for Justice: this bright Maid,
Who long has past for old Virginius' Daughter,
Is Daughter of my Slave, born in my House,
And thence by Fraud convey'd to Numitoria,
Who bred her as her own Virginius absent.
To hide th' approbrious Curse of Barrenness:
This in the Hour of Sickneſs was confeſs'd,
With penitential Sighs and Tears, by her

Who

(II)

Who gave her Birth ; I therefore seiz'd upon her,
Nor will resign her but to brave Virginius,
If he disprove my Claim : since he is absent,
From you, the Friend of Justice, I demand,
That she remain with me till his Return.

A P P I U S.

'Tis just, nor can I stop the Course of Law :
Licitors, make Way, and let the legal Claimant
Lead off th' unhappy Virgin. See Virginius
Be summon'd home to plead his doubtful Right :
Be that thy Care, Frontinus. *(To a Licitor.)*

I C I L I U S.

Impious Villain !
And dost thou think I tamely will resign her ?
No, thro' my Bosom you must cut your Way
E'er you can seize this dear, this virtuous Maid.
Stand off, ye Slaves.

A P P I U S.

Ha ! dost thou thwart my Will ?
Licitors, advance and seize the lawless Traitor.
(To the Licitors.)

I C I L I U S.

I C I L I U S.

Yes, Lictors, yes ; prepare your Rods and Axes,
Scourge and behead the bravest Sons of Rome :
Our fond Credulity which rais'd that Tyrant
Deserves it, but let Chastity be safe.
O Romans ! by the sacred Name of Father,
By the dear Pleasures of domestick Love,
And by the spotless Honour of your Children,
Preserve Virginius' Daughter from Pollution.

A P P I U S.

Traitor, seditious Villain ! well I know thee :
'Tis not Virginia's Cause awakes thy Rage,
The tribunician Spirit breathes within thee ;
But all thy Arts are vain ; a Guard attends
To quell the mutinous : by Heaven that Roman
Who stops the Course of Justice, dies this Mo-
ment.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

APPIUS, VIRGINIA, ICILIUS, CLAU-
DIUS, NUMITORIUS, TREBO-
NIUS, Romans.

NUMITORIUS.

WHERE is the Wretch who with un-
hallow'd Tongue

Demands a freeborn Virgin for his Slave.

Sprung from the bravest Blood our City holds,
The Numitorii and Virginii join'd?

CLAUDIUS.

Virginia is my Slave; by Justice mine;
Nor will I quit Possession, till Virginius
Appears, to prove his doubtful Right.

NUMITORIUS.

Fabatus.

(whispers a Roman, who goes out.)

Thy Slave, thou Wretch? O Romans, see her
Tears;

Those

Those speaking Drops, with strongest Eloquence,
 Reproach your strange Supineness : can it be ?
 Heavens ! can it be, the Daughter of Virginius
 Can want a Friend in Rome ? Ungrateful Men !
 How has Virginius fought his Country's Battles !
 For you, to guard your Beds from Violation,
 He rushes foremost in the bloody Field,
 Whilst you — But Tears prevent me — O
 Virginia !

C L A U D I U S .

Too late you plead ; the Laws adjudge her mine
 Till her reputed Father proves her Birth.

N U M I T O R I U S .

Gods ! 'tis too much to bear ! For Pity, Appius,
 If thou hast ought of Man within thee, hear me ;
 With me, as next of Kindred, trust the Maid,
 'Till this unheard of Claim is prov'd ; 'twere im-
 pious

To trust the Honor of a Roman Virgin
 To that abandon'd pandar of Pollution

My

My Brother may be here by rising Dawn:

To morrow I engage for her Appearance.

ICILIUS.

Why dost thou stoop to supplicate that Tyrant?

Assist me, generous Romans, to secure her;

I'll bear her off, or perish.

TREBONIUS.

Brave Icilius!

O Romans! Countrymen!

ALL ROMANS.

Liberty! Virginia!

APPIUS.

Hear me, ye Romans, and thou, Numitorius,

And judge how I revere the Name of Father:

Not to that clamorous, tribunician Traitor

Do I yield ought; I scorn his idle threats;

Scorn him so much, I will not even secure him:

But to a fancy'd Parent's sacred Sorrows

I yield thus far, send for Virginius hither,

I will

I will defer my Sentence 'till Tomorrow;
 But if he then appears not, I proceed,
 Nor longer will withhold th' Award of Justice.
 Let Sureties instantly be given to Claudius
 For her Appearance.

SCENE VI.

VIRGINIA, ICILIUS, NUMITORIUS,
 TREBONIUS, and Romans.

TREBONIUS.

ALL are Sureties for her.

ROMANS.

All.

NUMITORIUS.

Thanks, Romans, we may want your Aid To-
 morrow;
 But 'tis not needed now; this gallant Friend,
 With us, will be sufficient. Come, Virginia,

Let

Let me conduct thee hence. O, Romans!

Friends!

Remember! But I will not doubt your Virtue.

S C E N E VII.

[*The House of VIRGINIUS.*]

NUMITORIUS, TREBONIUS.

NUMITORIUS.

THANKS, my Trebonius, for this generous Friendship.

Thus in our Moments of Distress to aid us,
And kindly join in our domestic Dangers,
Becomes the honest Roman, and the Friend.

TREBONIUS.

Is not Virginia's Cause, the Cause of Rome,
Of Liberty, and Virtue? Too, too long
Our stooping Necks have born the Yoke of Power;

C

The

The Yoke ourselves have fix'd, and shall we want
 A Deed like this to fire us? Gods! shall Romans
 Wait till Oppression, Bondage, Violation,
 In all their horrid Forms are loos'd upon them,
 E'er they assert the Spirit of their Fathers,
 And crush the Tyranny themselves have rais'd?

NUMITORIUS.

For wisest Ends we rais'd this Power, Trebonius,
 To give us Laws, the Wonder of the World,
 From polish'd Greece selected; but long since
 That Purpose, and their trusted Power, expir'd;
 Long have they stretch'd the iron Hand of Force
 O'er our insulted Liberties; but this,
 This last Attempt, surpasses all Example.

TREBONIUS.

Yes, Numitorius, Tarquin's self must yield
 The Palm of daring Villainy to Appius,
 And own him foremost in the wicked Race;
 But we deserve it; Power unlimited
 Is only fit for Jove: Why did we trust

These

These Sons of Earth with Thunder much too
mighty,
For their weak Arms to wield?

NUMITORIUS.

The giddy Height
To which mistaken Rome has rais'd them, turns
Their maddening Brains, or Appius would behold
His sure Destruction in this wild Attempt.
The Gods are just, and tho' unseen to Men,
They work our Good from Ill; they will, I trust,
Confound the Tyrant in his own Devices,
And make his purpos'd Crime his Punishment.

TREBONIUS.

They will; great Jove beholds him, and will lance
The Bolt of Vengeance at his guilty Head.

NUMITORIUS.

I yet have Hope, Trebonius; had he dar'd
To use his lawless Power, he ne'er had forg'd
This poor Device, this Tale of fancy'd Slavery,
This crude unlikely Fable of her Birth:

Virginius' Prefence yet will save his Child :
 By Morning's earliest Dawn he will be here ;
 In him our Hopes are center'd ; he alone
 Can stem the Torrent of this Tyrant's Passion,
 Who trembles at his Interest in the Camp.

TREBONIUS.

His coward Fears, I hope, are ominous :
 By brave, plebeian, honest Deeds, Virginius
 Has gain'd the Soldiers' Love ; nor will they see,
 Howe'er their Spirits droop, a Vet'ran wrong'd :
 I left them ripe for every noble Purpose ;
 Long these Decemvirs have been hateful to them ;
 To this alone is owing our Defeats ;
 They rather chuse to fall beneath the Sword
 Than fight for Tyranny.

NUMITORIUS.

O, my Trebonius !
 My swelling Bosom heaves with Rage indignant
 To see the freeborn Sons of mighty Rome,
 Sunk, by their Folly, low as basest Slaves.

TRE-

(21)
TREBONIUS.

Perish the Tyrants ! Let us hurl this Appius
Down from his black Tribunal, and again
Declare for Liberty : each Roman Arm
Will grasp a Sword for us.

NUMITORIUS.

Thou generous Man !

TREBONIUS.

This Deed is big with Fate : Rome's mighty
Genius,

Tho' now it slumbers, will by this arous'd,
Rush like a Whirlwind on these curst Decemvirs,
And bear down all before it. I will go,

And try to wake the godlike Soul of Freedom
In the deluded People. Thou, Tomorrow,
With brave Virginius, meet me at the Temple
Of righteous Themis, soon as he arrives.

SCENE VIII.
VIRGINIA, ICILIA.

VIRGINIA.

WELCOME, Icilia, thou most lov'd of
Friends!

Let us embrace whilst yet I am a Roman;

Tomorrow's fatal Dawn may give me up

The Slave of Claudius; when we meet again,

It will perhaps be Infamy to clasp me.

ICILIA.

O, my Virginia! — But I cannot speak —

Resentment, Rage, and Indignation, rise,

And stop my Utterance. — Art thou not a

Roman?

By awful Heaven, when Rome was free and
glorious,

E'er these Decemvirs fix'd their lawless Yoke,

Thy Virtue might have been her noblest Boast.

VIRGI-

VIRGINIA.

Alas ! Icilia ! we have once been happy,
 But shall no more : canst thou forget the Hours
 Of Peace and Innocence we past together ?

ICILIA.

O, no, Virginia ; all the dear Delights
 Of growing Friendship rush on my Remembrance:
 When dawning Reason first began to shoot,
 Each early Hope consecrate this pleasing End :
 My Bosom panted for a Counterpart,
 Some Fellow Mind, to soften every Pang,
 And double Joy by sweet Participation :
 Amongst the soft Companions of my Youth
 I sought a Friend : Virginia, dear Virginia,
 Possess'd alone, of all our Roman Maids,
 A Soul susceptible of the social Glow :
 Dull was each Sport, each Pastime lost its Taste,
 If e'er I mist Virginia from the Train,
 The gentle Train, that shar'd our harmless Joys.

VIRGINIA.

Yes, our first Days were happy: smiling Youth
Came on attended by surrounding Pleasures:
But Joy to me has been a Prodigal,
Who with too lavish Hand dispenc'd her Bounties,
And left my riper Days a Prey to Sorrow.

ICILIA.

Cast back thy Thoughts a Moment, my Virginia,
To those calm Joys which blest our heedless
Youth:

How have we sat beneath embow'ring Shades,
Whilst the clear Stream in Silence glided by,
And lost in sweet romantic Pleasure, chid
The dancing Hours that fled too fast away!
All then was Peace and Harmony.

VIRGINIA.

No more:

Forbear to wake these tender Images:
Remembrance pains me; I must now forget
All vanish'd Happiness, and fill my Soul

With

With Horrors equal to my dreadful Fate :
I know the Tyrant's Power, I know his Passion,
And am resolv'd. —————

ICILIA.

What meanst thou?

VIRGINIA.

To be free ;
To die, Icilia : thinkst thou I wou'd live
A Prey to Infamy, the Slave of Claudius ?

ICILIA.

No, my Virginia, nor will Appius dare
To sentence thee a Slave : e'en midst his Guard
Of riotous, patrician Youth, he trembles,
And fears the Soldiers Vengeance : well he knows
The Rank Virginius holds in their Affections.

VIRGINIA.

Alas ! Icilia ! hadst thou seen his Looks,
The Looks of mingled Passion and Revenge,
With which his fiery Eyes even now survey'd me,
Thou

Thou wou'dst have trembled for me: much I
fear
My only Hope of Refuge is the Grave.

ICILIA.

Where is my Brother? Cannot he protect thee?
He is the Peoples Darling, and may rouse them
To Liberty and Vengeance.

VIRGINIA.

O, Icilia!
Thou hast awak'd the Pang that tears my Heart;
There I am weak indeed: to die is nothing;
But O, I cannot leave my lov'd Icilius:
Our Spring of Love gay-bloom'd, and promis'd
Fruit
Of chaste connubial Bliss; when like a Blight
This Ruffian came, and wither'd all our Hopes.
Thou dearest of Mankind! let these Tears witness
The strong, the fond Affection of my Soul.

ICILIA.

The Gods are Friends to Virtue, my Virginia;
Let

Let us, when Morn first paints the ruddy Skies,
 Summon a Train of Roman Maids, and haste
 To great Diana's Shrine; there kneel and weep,
 And supplicate the Goddess Aid, to save thee.

VIRGINIA.

Yes, I will go. Immortal Maid, attend!
 Thou Virgin Goddess! to the chaste a Friend!
 If e'er my Voice, amid the tuneful Choir,
 In Sounds responsive to the breathing Lyre,
 Has pleas'd thine Ear, O, take me to thy Care,
 Regard my Tears, and grant my ardent Pray'r!
 If I must die, my spotless Honor save,
 And let me sink unsullied to the Grave!

A C T

ACT SECOND,

SCENE I.

[The House of Appius.]

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS.

APPIUS.

O! Claudius! what a Whirlwind tears my
Soul!

In what keen Tortures did I pass the Night!
Toss'd by Desire, Revenge, and Indignation,
In vain my Voice invok'd the downy God;
The lenient Power regarded not my Prayer,
By fierce, contending Passions banish'd from me;
Long e'er the Dawn I left my restless Couch,
To seek thy healing Counsel.

CLAUDIUS.

Noble Appius,
Suspend this Heat a while, and lend an Ear

To what my faithful Spies have learnt abroad :
This Day must fix you Lord of Rome for ever,
Or give the Sway to tribunician Hands;
Can you with Tameness yield the Reins of Power
(Of Power, the noblest Attribute of Jove)
To proud Icilius?

A P P I U S.

Curse on the Slave!
What dost thou mean, my Claudius?

C L A U D I U S.

Whilst you sit,
Supine, with folded Arms, a sighing Lover,
Your haughty Rival gains the giddy People :
Horatius and Valerius too have join'd
The abject rebel Multitude, forgetful,
Meanly forgetful of their noble Birth.

A P P I U S.

Horatius and Valerius? I remember
The Insolence with which they cross my Will.

Late

Late in the Senate, when I call'd the Fathers
To aid me in the Levies for the War.

CLAUDIUS.

The People worship them; the Youths can talk,
And make Harangues on ancient Roman Virtue.

APPIUS.

On Virtue? what is Virtue, but a Name
Invented by the Wise to shackle Fools?
No, 'tis Ambition fires them, they wou'd raise
Themselves upon my Ruins; 'tis for this
They court the Multitude; by Arts like these,
By feign'd Humility, and Shows of Virtue,
I gain'd the Power which soon shall make them
tremble:

They both shall die this Day; Icilius too,
And Numitorius, all shall glut my Vengeance;
A chosen Band of noble Youths shall wait,
And intercept their Passage from the Forum.

CLAU-

CLAUDIUS.

If Fortune smiles, e'er the revolving Sun
 Again shall gild the Capitol, I hope
 To see you crown'd, and hail you King of
 Rome.

APPIUS.

O, Claudius ! 'tis to that my Soul aspires ;
 But 'tis not ripe ; I must delay my Purpose :
 Fabius commands a Camp of hardy Veterans ;
 'Tis true he yet implicitly obeys me,
 But 'tis to share my Power, and were I once
 To aim at Royalty, his rous'd Ambition
 Wou'd thwart my Will : I must secure him first ;
 Perhaps some lucky Chance may do my Work :
 Wou'd but the coward Troops engage the Foe,
 Some friendly Sabine Sword might reach his
 Heart ;
 If not, Petilius has my private Orders
 To take him off by Poison.

CLAU-

CLAUDIUS.

Wou'd 'twere done !

But can you trust Petilius ?

APPIUS.

With my Life ;

His Birth, ill-suited to his desperate Fortunes,

First turn'd my Eyes upon him, and I found him

Ev'n all I wish'd ; my powerful Interest rais'd
him

To the Decemvirate, and well he knows

His Fall with mine involv'd : but let this rest ;

A dearer Care now takes up all my Soul,

The bright Virginia — Ha ! what Sound is
that ?

[Claudius goes to the Door, and returns.]

CLAUDIUS.

One with Dispatches from the Camp of Fabius

Attends your sacred Will.

APPIUS.

Conduct him in.

SCENE

SCENE II.

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, Messenger.

APPIUS.

WHAT from my valiant Friend, your brave
Commander,
The noble Fabius?

MESSENGER.

These Dispatches, Sir,
He begs you will peruse, and instant answer.

APPIUS.

'Tis well : attend without. *(Reads)*

SCENE III.

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS.

APPIUS.

COME hither, Claudius :
Prediction on their coward Souls! The Legions
Who basely fled before the feeble Sabines.

D

Have

Have dar'd to brave their Leaders : Fabius writes
That when, at my Command, the Traitor Siccus
Was, by a Band of try'd and faithful Soldiers,
In private taken off, the rebel Troops
No longer own'd their Generals, but assembling
In mutinous Consult, disclaim'd Obedience,
And scarce were held from marching strait to
Rome.

This Tumult is ill-tim'd, and I cou'd wish
His Death had been defer'd ; but 'tis no Matter,
My Power is fix'd, nor fear's their feeble Efforts.

C L A U D I U S.

Who is their Leader ?

A P P I U S.

Labeo the Centurion.

Fabius is much too mild ; the bloody Axe
Must stop this headlong Torrent of Sedition ;
Their Leader shall be scourg'd, and then beheaded ;
The rest by Decimation, learn their Duty.
This will not brook Delay : prepare my Tablets.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

[*The House of VIRGINIUS.*]

NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS.

ICILIUS.

WHERE is Virginia? Let me once behold
her

Whilst yet she is my own; whilst she is free;
And I without a Blush may own my Passion.

NUMITORIUS.

She seeks the Help of Heaven by pious Prayer;
And much I fear 'tis Heaven alone can save her.

ICILIUS.

Yes, Numitorius, while we loitering stand,
And hope for Miracles, 'tis Heaven alone
That must preserve us all; but did we dare
To draw the Sword and pierce the Tyrant's Heart,
We better shou'd deserve the Care of Heaven.

D 2

NUMI-

NUMITORIUS.

Patience, young Man !

ICILIUS.

Patience ! immortal Gods !

Does it become the haughty Roman Virtue,
Fam'd for swift Vengeance, and of Wrongs im-
patient,

Calmly to stand, and see our Wives and Children
Dragg'd to Pollution by these homebred Tyrants ?
O, Rome ! Thou Queen of Nations ! Shall a Son,
A private Citizen, by thee entrusted
With delegated Power, thus lord it o'er us ?
Give us our Tarquins, Gods : if we must stoop,
If we must bend beneath the Rod of Power,
Let not an Equal fix our galling Chains.

NUMITORIUS.

You are too warm, Icilius.

ICILIUS.

How ? Too warm ?

Is she not mine ? Heavens ! are we not betroth'd ?
 O my Virginia ! may I be a Slave,
 Doom'd still to bear the Yoke of Tyranny,
 To crouch beneath the Lash, if I not save thee
 From this inhuman Monster : I will go,
 And find him out this Moment.

N U M I T O R I U S.

Stay, Icilius ;
 Your rash Revenge wou'd ruin all our Hopes :
 Virginius will be here upon the Instant,
 And when he comes, Appius must drop a Claim
 He cannot then support : Virginia begs,
 By me she begs, you will restrain this Heat
 'Till safer Times.

I C I L I U S.

What dost thou mean by Safety ?
 Can we be safe but by the Tyrant's Death ?
 Was it for this our Tribunes were abolish'd ?
 For this our mighty Bulwark of Defence,
 The sacred Freedom of Appeal, remov'd ?

O, Rome ! misguided People ! But no more ;
 I will be calm, I will await his Sentence
 With all the Tameness of a Slave ; but mark me,
 If he withdraws not this most impious Claim
 My Sword shall find his Heart.

NUMITORIUS.

It will be just,
 And Heaven will then approve your righteous
 Vengeance.

ICILIUS.

Gods ! 'tis too much : are then our pleasing Hopes
 Of virtuous Happiness untimely blasted ?
 The dear, the long expected Hour approach'd
 To join our Hands for ever, when this Monster
 Step'd in between, and dash'd our Expectations :
 But I will save her ; yes, my lov'd Virginia,
 This Arm shall stab the Tyrant, and preserve thee.

NUMITORIUS.

Fear not, Icilius, Piety like hers
 Is Heaven's peculiar Care, nor will the People

Bear

Bear with a Deed like this: perhaps this Appius
 Is but an Instrument of Jove, to raise us
 From our lethargic State, to arm our Hands
 With all the Rage of Vengeance? and restore
 The golden Days of Liberty and Peace.

I C I L I U S.

Be all thy Hopes prophetic, Numitorius!
 And sure the Soul of Rome is lost indeed
 If we can bear with an Attempt like this:
 I will not think we are so vilely sunk;
 It cannot be. ———

N U M I T O R I U S.

See, where Trebonius comes!
 His hasty Step, and unexpected Presence,
 (Since we agreed to meet in Themis' Temple,)
 Bespeak some new Event.

S C E N E V.

NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, TRE-
BONIUS.

TREBONIUS.

WHERE is Virginius ?

Is he not yet arriv'd ? The Minutes call :

O ! were he here, Rome might again be free,
Revenge and Fury burn in every Breast,
And if he comes, the lawless Tyrant falls.

NUMITORIUS.

He will be here, each Moment I expect him.

TREBONIUS.

Then tremble, Appius, on thy proud Tribunal :
Each Accident concurs to rouse the People :
This Moment from Fidenæ is arriv'd
A Soldier, who relates that valiant Siccus
Is murder'd by the curst Decemvirs there ;

By

By Fabius, and the rest, who copy Appius,
And emulate his blackest Deeds: the Camp
Is all in Tumult.

ICILIUS.

Then the Gods are just;
Revenge, and glorious Freedom are our own.

TREBONIUS.

Yes, brave Icilius, once again the Goddess
Shall spread her shielding Arms round happy
Rome:

My Soul is all on Fire. O Liberty!
At thy dear Name, my kindling Spirit mounts,
And Hope inspires my Breast: again I see
Rome's awful Consuls, the deliver'd Senate,
And thy best Guard, the Tribunate, restor'd:
Again the Roman Eagle spreads his Wings
O'er conquer'd Lands, and the fierce Sabine stoops;
No more the languid Soldier drooping sits,
But wak'd to Valour, rushes on the Foe,
Resistless in his Course.

NUMI-

NUMITORIUS.

O, Jove all-just !

Let thy strong Arm o'ertake these Sons of Rapine,
And level them with Earth !

TREBONIUS.

It wakes my Wonder,

That Fabius, once the fairest Son of Fame,
Belov'd of Rome, shou'd join this League of
Tyrants ;

That he whose Courage oft had sav'd his Country,
Who stood the foremost in her dear Esteem,
Shou'd chuse to sink so low as Appius' Slave.

NUMITORIUS.

Alas ! Trebonius, Valour is a Crime,
If not ally'd to Virtue ; Liberty
Must guide the righteous Sword, or War is
Murder :

Tho' Fame may follow, and the thoughtless People
Applaud, yet bravest Deeds deserve our Hate,
Deserve our Scorn, if prompted by Ambition.

TRE-

TREBONIUS.

I tho't this Fabius just, as well as brave,
I tho't him zealous for his Country's Good;
But Tyranny, like Virtue, sleeping lies,
'Till wak'd by Opportunity to Action.

NUMITORIUS.

Is this the Man, who sav'd by mighty Jove,
Escap'd the Slaughter of that bloody Day,
When, but himself, the Fabian Race expir'd?
Expir'd together, fighting for their Country,
What Time their single Force oppos'd the Power,
The whole united Strength of warlike Veii?

TREBONIUS.

Look down, ye mighty Spirits, and behold
The Wretch who shames the noble Fabian
Name,
And throws a Shade around your Blaze of Glories!
Degenerate Man! but true Nobility
Is of the Soul, nor waits on empty Titles.

ICILIUS

ICILIUS.

Why stand we here, and waste the flying Hours
In idle Contemplation? Vengeance calls;
'Tis now the Time for Action. O, Trebonius!
The coming Hour must give us up for ever
The Slaves of Appius, or secure our Freedom.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VI.

[A Garden.]

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS.

APPIUS.

O, Claudius! 'tis in vain to hope for Ease,
'Till full Possession cures this fatal Fondness:
Each Thought is full of this disdainful Maid,
Nor can Ambition's active Fire expel her:
Ev'n midst my Schemes of meditated Power,
Her bright Idea takes up half my Soul,
And mingles with my golden Dreams of Empire.

CLAUDIUS

C L A U D I U S.

Why will you thus disturb your Soul with Cares,
 So needless and so vain ? She must be yours ;
 Sedition's brawling Voice, which yesterday
 Dar'd to oppose your Will, shall sink in Silence,
 And blooming Beauty crown your warm Desires.

A P P I U S.

Why did my coward Soul consent to yield her ?
 Virginius may return.

C L A U D I U S.

Think not of him,
 I trust he is e'er this secur'd in Chains :
 My Bondman, Tyro, who convey'd your Orders,
 Is faithful, diligent ; and more to urge
 His swift Dispatch, I promis'd Liberty
 Shou'd crown his honest Duty, if successful.

A P P I U S.

'Tis well : I thank thy Care. Was it not hard
 To have her torn from my fierce rising Wishes,

Just

Just when bright Hope had given the Rein to
 Passion,

And Fancy painted all the melting Joys
 In her dear, yielding Arms? O, potent Venus!
 Give me to feast on her luxurious Sweetness,
 To press her panting Beauties to my Breast,
 And to thy genial Power shall rise a Temple
 In all the proud Magnificence of Greece!

CLAUDIUS.

Trust me, th' approaching Hour shall see her
 yours:

This specious Tale my fervent Zeal inspir'd,
 Shall give the peevish Virgin to your Arms,
 Spite of Icilius, or the murmuring People.

APPIUS.

O, Claudius! with what Dignity she moves!
 What Magic dwells in that enchanting Form?
 The Pride of Birth, the beauteous Pomp of
 Power,
 Look vile before her; not the rosy Dawn,

Nor

Nor vernal Flowers, can boast a Bloom, like hers:
 My haughty Soul, unus'd to bend, yet stoops
 To such amazing Beauty, nor remembers
 The low Plebeian Stock from whence she sprung,
 I swear, that did not conscious Shame forbid
 I wou'd repeal my Law, divorce Sempronia,
 And wed this Virgin.

C L A U D I U S.

Gods! what do I hear?
 Cou'd Appius then, the great, the highborn
 Appius,
 Descended from a Line of matchless Heroes,
 Who reigns in Rome with more despotic Sway
 Than e'er the royal Tarquins dar'd assert,
 Without a Blush, call base Virginius Father?
 Besides, you had forgot Icilius' Claim,
 The glorious Rival of your Love.

A P P I U S.

The Slave!
 I had forgot indeed, and thou dost well

To

To wake my keen Disdain ; my furious Passion
 Had hurry'd me to what I blush to think of,
 To Marriage with this Maid, but for thy Counsel.

CLAUDIUS.

To Marriage with her ? Yes, you do forget,
 Or Love disturbs your Reason : has she not
 To you avow'd her Passion for Icilius ?
 Can you so soon forget her haughty Answer ?
 Is she not his ? To him betroth'd long since,
 By strictest Vows, and stronger Love, engag'd ?
 To him, to the Plebeian Slave, she destines
 Those matchless Charms, which, like the Grecian

Helens,

Might set the Monarchs of the World in Arms.
 For Shame, shake off this mean, this abject Love,
 And be yourself : shall Appius poorly sigh,
 And waste th' important Hours of doubtful Empire
 In whining, Boyish Wishes for a Woman,
 And one within his Power ?

APPIUS

A P P I U S.

Forgive my Weakness :

Her Scorn distracts my Soul, but I deserve it :

Why shou'd I ask for what I can command ?

C L A U D I U S.

Why ask indeed ? Remember Romulus :

To what is Rome indebted for it's Greatness ?

The Sabine Rape. —————

A P P I U S.

Thou dost instruct me well :

I'll seize her, snatch her from the Slave she
doats on,

And force the Joys her foolish Heart denies me :

So, darting swift, th'imperial Bird of Jove

In his strong Talons grasps the trembling Dove ;

In vain she wou'd resist, her feeble Cry

He hears regardless, and with conscious Joy,

He bears the struggling, panting, Prize, on high. }

E

A C T

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

[*The House of VIRGINIUS.*]

VIRINIUS.

WHAT can this mean? In every Face
I meet

Sits pale Despair : the People gaz'd upon me
With Looks, or I mistake, of Grief and Horror ;
Still as I pass, each Eye was fix'd on me :
Dread Silence reigns around ; o'er all my House
No Sound is heard ; my Slaves, who us'd to fly
With dutious Joy to welcome my Return,
Avoid me now. My Child too ! where is she ?
Sure she is well : my Brother's Messenger
Charg'd me to haste to Rome ; that Business
call'd me

Of

Of more Import than Life, and that a Moment
Might wreck my Peace for ever. O, Virginia !
Thou art my nearest Care ! But see ! my Brother !
He will unfold this Riddle.

SCENE II.

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS.

NUMITORIUS.

MY Virginius !
You come in happy Time to save us all.

VIRGINIUS.

How fares Virginia ?

NUMITORIUS.

Well, but yet, my Brother. ———

VIRGINIUS.

Why dost thou pause ? Let me but know the
worst,

And I will try to bear it like a Roman:
 The Gods can witness, if my Child is safe,
 All other Griefs are Trifles.

NUMITORIUS.

O, Virginius !

She yet is safe, but a few posting Hours
 May give her up to Shame.

VIRGINIUS.

Ha ! what ? to Shame ?
 By all the Gods of Vengeance, tho' I love her
 Dearer than Life, if she has dar'd to fully
 The Honour of her Family, this Arm
 Shall cut her off, and send her to the Grave.
 Icilius wou'd not sure. —

NUMITORIUS.

O, no ! my Brother,
 Icilius is a Roman, and a brave one,
 His honest Heart disdains a Thought of Baseness ;
 But the fell Tyrant, Appius. —

VIRGI-

VIRGINIUS.

Appius ! she cannot sure be so degenerate
As to prefer the Tyrant of her Country
To brave Icilius : but my Sword shall find her.

NUMITORIUS.

You still mistake me ; still is your Virginia
The Boast of Roman Maids, her Sex's Pride.
A Moment's Patience, and I will unfold
A Tale shall rouse each Drop of Roman Blood,
And set you in a Flame : know then, Virginus,
The fierce Decemvir has with Eyes of Love
Beheld your beauteous Daughter, and since all
His Arts of Vice have fail'd to move her Virtue,
Has urg'd his base, abandon'd Freedman, Claudius,
To claim her for his Slave.

VIRGINIUS.

His Slave ? What mean you ?
Am I not then a Roman ?

NUMITORIUS.

He pretends
 The virtuous Numitoria bought this Maid,
 Whilst yet an Infant, of a female Slave
 In Claudius' Family: with slow Reluctance,
 Aw'd by the murmuring People, he consented
 That till this Morn' his Sentence shou'd be
 stay'd;
 Even on the Instant I dispatch'd Fabatus
 To bring you from the Camp, but lest your Rage
 Shou'd force the Story from you, I enjoin'd him,
 Not to relate the Cause; for much I fear'd
 His Brother-Tyrants might detain you there,
 And all our Hopes are now in your Appearance.

VIRGINIUS.

Avenging Jove!
 Let thy red Lightning blast the fervile Arm
 That lifts a Sword for Appius! Let them come,
 The Foes of Rome; I shall with Joy behold
 them:

What

What can they more, than drag our freeborn

Virgins,

To Bonds and Violation? See this Breast,

Scarr'd o'er with honest Wounds in Rome's De-

fence,

And think of my Reward! my Age's Darling,

The lovely Image of my Numitoria,

Forc'd from my Arms to fate the brutal Rage

Of a loose Tyrant's Passion; but he dares not,

He dares not urge so far the Roman Spirit,

That waits but for a Deed like this, to rise

In all the dreadful Majesty of Vengeance,

And crush him at a Blow.

NUMITORIUS.

There lies my Hope,

He fears the Soldiery, and well he knows

How much thou art belov'd.

VIRGINIUS.

O, Numitorius!

Is it for this, the hardy Soldier meets

The Summer's Heat, and Winter's piercing Cold ?
 Is it for this, he sleeps in open Air,
 Nor fears the fiery Bolts of angry Jove ?
 That whilst his stubborn Toils preserve his
 Country ;

Luxurious Slaves, by him from Danger guarded,
 Shall poison all his dear, domestic Peace,
 The Price and best Reward of fighting Fields,
 And drag his Children to Pollution ? Gods !
 Pour down your keenest Vengeance on my Head,
 If e'er I draw a Sword for these Decemvirs !

NUMITORIUS.

No, my Virginius, for the Time approaches
 Which may employ your Sword to better Purpose :

The Dawn of Freedom breaks once more on
 Rome ;

This base Attempt, has rous'd the languid People,
 Ev'n now they call aloud for Liberty,
 And urge the Restoration of their Tribunes.

VIRGINIUS.

Why do we loiter then, let us prevent
His lawless Sentence, and attack him now.

N'UMITORIUS.

The enterprize is just, but full of Danger,
He now is guarded by a well arm'd Train
Of rash Patrician Youth, nor are the People
Prepar'd for sudden Action : let him pass
His wild Decree ; I trust he will acquit her,
O'er-aw'd by you ; but shou'd I judge amiss,
Both Gods and Men will then assist your Ven-
geance.

VIRGINIUS.

Your Counsel shall prevail ; but shou'd he doom
My dearest Child a Slave, I will preserve her
Ev'n at my Life's Expence : Appius or I
Must see the Sun no more : but say, my Brother,
Are all the Senate aw'd by this proud Tyrant ;
Or do they meanly join in his Oppressions,
And share the Spoils of their unhappy Country ?

N U M I-

NUMITORIUS.

Two, and two only, of Patrician Rank,
 Espouse the glorious Cause of Liberty,
 Foes to all Interests but their bleeding Country's;
 The rest, gain'd o'er by Appius, aid his Rapines,
 Or in the Country, seek to shun his Power.
 His noble Uncle, Publius Claudius, long
 Essay'd, to bend his haughty Soul to Virtue;
 But finding all his Counsels vain, retir'd,
 And at Regillum shun's the killing Sight
 Of Rome enslav'd, and the severe Reflection
 That from the Claudian House her Tyrant
 sprung.

VIRGINIUS.

And who, my Numitorius, are the Pair,
 The noble Pair, that join the Cause of Honour?

NUMITORIUS.

Valerius and Horatius.

VIRGINIUS.

Gen'rous Youths!

Their

Their very Names inspire me: tremble, Appius,
Their Sires expel'd the Tarquins.

NUMITORIUS.

Yes, Virginius;
And these brave Youths inherit all the Virtues,
The daring Souls of their renown'd Forefathers.
Vain the patrician Name if noble Deeds
Speak not the Parent Stock : by godlike Virtue
Their Fathers gain'd the Power which these De-
cemvirs
Abuse to vilest Purposes.

VIRGINIUS.

Ye Gods !
Are these the Men that arrogate all Honours,
And scorn Alliance with us ? But 'tis well,
Still let them wed in their own haughty Rank,
Nor stain the purer Blood of our Plebeians.

NUMITORIUS.

And dare they think, our bright Plebeian Virgins
Are only born to glut their baser Passions ?

VIRGI-

VIRGINIUS.

No more ; I wou'd repress this rising Rage,
'Till fair Occasion calls my Sword to Action.
Where is Virginia ? She was wont to meet me
With all the Haste of filial Piety ;
Then why appears she not ?

NUMITORIUS.

This very Moment,
Attended by a Train of Roman Virgins,
She seeks the spotless Shrine of chaste Diana.

VIRGINIUS.

'Tis well : may Heaven reward their pious Prayer.
O, Numitorius ! But I will not doubt ;
The Gods are just, and must be Foes to Tyrants.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

SCENE III.

[A Garden.]

A P P I U S.

HOW flow the Minutes pass ! my panting
Soul

Is sick with Expectation and Desire :

Wou'd Claudius were return'd ! I'll to the Forum,

Ascend the Judgment Seat, pronounce her Sen-
tence ;

Then bear her off, and lose myself in Bliss :

And see ! he comes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS.

CLAUDIUS.

O, Appius ! all is ruin'd :
Virginus is return'd.

APPIUS.

Return'd ? Thou Traitor !

Did'st thou not tell me Tyro's swift Dispatch

Wou'd stop him ? But ye all are leagu'd against
me :

Where is the tardy Slave ? The Cross shall teach
him

What 'tis to play with Passions fierce as mine.

CLAUDIUS.

Tyro is not return'd, nor is he guilty :

The wily Numitorius, from the Forum,

Ev'n in the Moment when th' important Cause

Fix'd

Fix'd your Attention, unobserv'd, dispatch'd
A Messenger to Algidum.

A P P I U S.

'Tis well :

By Heaven their forfeit Heads shall pay this
Boldness ;

I'll seize this beauteous Virgin, tho' I raise
A Flame, to lay imperial Rome in Ashes,
And even consume myself.

C L A U D I U S.

Were it not wiser,
To let the furious Tide exhaust it's Strength,
E'er you oppos'd it's Rage ? The People gather
Around Icilius, and have sworn to aid him :
Virginus, Name has rais'd their drooping Cou-
rage ;

They talk of Tribunes, threaten to restore
The Freedom of Appeal, to bring the Armies
Up to the Walls of Rome ; and call for Ven-
geance

On

On Siccius' Murderers ; your sacred Life
 Will not be safe, if you approach the Forum :
 Defer the Cause, you know the giddy Croud :
 Tomorrow they may think your Sentence just ;
 At least this headlong Heat of Mutiny,
 Will cool if you oppose it not.

A P P I U S.

O, Claudius !

I know not what to fix on : my Desires
 Are now at such a Height, as threaten Madness
 If not indulg'd ; they listen not to Reason ;
 And yet thy Words sink deep into my Soul :
 Where are my brave Patricians ?

C L A U D I U S.

They attend

Your sacred Pleasure in the Campus Martius,
 Beneath their peaceful Robes all clad in Arms :
 This Moment haste, consult the noble Youths ;
 Fond Love obstructs your Sight, and hides from
 View

The

The threatening Forms of Danger which surround you.

A P P I U S.

Gods ! what a Gust of Passion shakes my Frame !
Love, Empire, all that can enflame the Soul,
Now fire my Breast. O, Mars ! armipotent !
By the fierce Joys the Cyprian Queen bestows,
By laurel'd Conquest, and the grateful Horrors
Of stern, relentless War, assist thy Votary !

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E V.

[The Street.]

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS.

NUMITORIUS.

THE Hour of Vengeance is arriv'd, my
Brother ;

These thoughtless Tyrants will destroy themselves ;

F

They

They have thrown off the very Mask of Virtue,
And given a Loose to every impious Passion.

VIRGINIUS.

I mourn the valiant Siccus, but this Murder
May save my Child : that Camp was all I fear'd,
The Camp of Fabius ; for at Algidum
Virginus' Wrongs will not be unreveng'd.

NUMITORIUS.

This monstrous Cruelty secures them both,
And every Sword will now be drawn for Freedom.
But see! the brave Icilius comes to clasp thee.

SCENE VI.

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS,
ICILIUS.

ICILIUS.

VIRGINIUS here! Then Vengeance is
our own.

VIRGINIUS.

And is it thus we meet again, Icilius?

When

When last we parted, 'twas with other Sounds
 I hop'd to greet thee ; with the Voice of Joy,
 Of Peace, and happy Love : this very Hour,
 The Hour of my Return to Rome, I destin'd,
 Shou'd join thee to my lovely Child. —

I C I L I U S.

My Father,
 Your Presence saves Virginia ; Life is ours,
 And generous Liberty : the People, fir'd
 With great Revenge for noble Siccus' Death,
 And Pity for Virginia, swear to die
 In our Defence. — What Hope from Algidum ?
 How stand the Soldiers ?

V I R G I N I U S.

Ready for Revolt,
 But aw'd beneath these curst Decemvir's Power :
 A Breath wou'd wake them ; Discontentment
 walks
 Thro' every Rank, and my Appearance there
 Wou'd raise a Mutiny.

ICILIUS.

Then all is well,
And the big Ruin bursts on Appius' Head.

NUMITORIUS.

Are all our Friends assembled?

ICILIUS.

All are ready
When we are summon'd to this curst Tribunal:
I'm told the Tyrant wavers, Fear has seiz'd him,
He hastes not to the Forum, but amidst
His lawless Counsellors, wears out the Hours,
And doubts if he shall judge, or drop the Cause.

NUMITORIUS.

Thanks to the gracious Gods!

ICILIUS.

O, Numitorius!
Prophetic Fury fires my swelling Breast:
I see the Goddess Liberty, attended
By all her Train of Joys! Domestic Peace,
Connubial

Connubial Love, and every home felt Bliss,
Around her throng, whilst Tyranny, appal'd,
Shrinks at her awful Presence !

VIRGINIUS.

Glorious Youth !

Thy Words arrouse my Soul, and Hope succeeds
The pallid Fear that chill'd me : I shall live
To see Virginia happy in thy Arms ;
To see thee stand, the Bulwark of thy Country,
Adorn'd with tribunician Power, and watchful
For Liberty and Rome.

NUMITORIUS

Yes, brave Icilius,
We shall again be free ; these strong Forebodings
The Gods ne'er give in vain : we yet shall see
Sweet Peace at home, and Victory abroad.
But shou'd the Tyrant yet relent, Virginius?

VIRGINIUS.

As well thou may'st expect the hungry Lion
To quit his trembling Prey : but grant he shou'd,

There is a nobler Cause than private Wrongs,
 The Cause of Rome, nor will I sheath my Sword,
 'Till these Decemvirs fall ; shame on the Wretch,
 Unworthy of the glorious Name of Roman,
 Who safe himself, can calmly sit at Ease,
 The tame Spectator of his Country's Ruin :
 Dear as I love my Child, I swear her Safety
 Is but the second Passion of my Soul.

I C I L I U S .

Thou genuine Son of Rome ! thou greater Brutus !

V I R G I N I U S .

Had Brutus meanly stop'd at private Bliss,
 The Tarquins yet had tyrannis'd in Rome ;
 Ally'd by Birth he might have shar'd the Spoils
 Of his unhappy Country, but he scorn'd
 To be the first of Slaves, and nobly quell'd
 Each selfish Passion for the Public Good :
 Father of Rome, he led her on to Safety,
 Tho' thro' his Children's Blood, for well he knew
 Freedom or they must perish. Ev'n the Gods

Behold

Behold with Admiration such firm Virtue,
And glory in their own immortal Work:

I C I L I U S.

Thou godlike Man ! with Wonder I behold thee,
And boast with Pride the Title of thy Son :
Were not Virginia fair as smiling Spring,
Did not the Bloom of op'ning Flowers adorn her,
Yet for thy sake, to be ally'd to thee,
The bravest Sons of Rome had fought her Bed.

V I R G I N I U S.

Thou dost deserve her, were she fair as Nature,
Fresh from the forming Hands of mighty Jove :
O may I live to see a smiling Race,
Sprung from this Union, crown your nuptial Joys !
To see them rise beneath the Shade of Freedom,
And copy all thy Virtues ! May they dare
All Dangers for their Country, and when Rome
Demands their Lives, with virtuous Pleasure
bleed !

ICILIUS.

The coming Hour is big with great Events;
 Already Appius totters, and your Arm
 Is only wanting to compleat his Fall:
 The God who rules the Thunder's Rage, is
 with us;
 He wills, that all who nobly dare, be free,
 And gives the brave their well-earn'd Liberty.



A C T



ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Scene the Inside of the TEMPLE of DIANA; at the upper End an ALTAR and STATUE of the GODDESS, on the Side Scene the Stories of NIOBE and ACTEON painted.

VIRGINIA, ICILIA, Priestesss, Train of Virgins.

[The Priestesss stands at the Altar whilst this Hymn is perform'd to solemn Musick.]

H Y M N to D I A N A.

First VIRGIN.

THOU beauteous Goddess of the Grove,
From Jove and fair Latona sprung!
Bright Offspring of the Thunderer's Love!
O, be thy Name for ever sung!

Ye

Ye Virgin Train ! your tuneful Voices raise,
To sing the chaste Diana's deathless Praise.

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Hail ! Diana ! beauteous Maid !
Let thy Praise to Heaven ascend !
Chastity's immortal Friend !
O, be present to our Aid !

Second VIRGIN.

Goddeſs of the rural Plain !
Thee, the Virgin pure, adores,
Thee the pregnant Dame implores
To relieve her poignant Pain,
And o'er her Infant's pliant Limbs to pour
Health, Strength, and Swiftneſs, in the natal Hour.

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Mighty Luna ! Goddeſs bright !
Bring the beauteous Births to Light :
With the bleſt maternal Name
Crown the ſacred nuptial Flame.

First VIRGIN.

How blest the chosen Train, who rove
With thee thro' Erymanthus' Grove !
Who dreadful with the pointed Dart
Transfix the tawny Lion's Heart !
Or, joyous, in the cool, translucent, Wave,
Their polish'd Limbs at dewy Evening lave !

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Virgin Huntress ! Queen of Night !
By thy Crescent's trembling Light,
By thy Sports, and sylvan Care,
Hear, O, hear ! our spotless Pray'r !

Second VIRGIN.

Guardian of the woody Glades !
If thy flying Footsteps trace
Algidus' embow'ring Shades,
Or Apulia's Forests grace,
O, haste, and bring, propitious to our Song,
Thy sweet Companion, Liberty, along.

Chorus

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Maid of Groves and Mountains Queen!

Leave the peaceful sylvan Scene,

And in awful Terrors drest,

Pierce the Tyrant's impious Breast.

Both VIRGINS.

Thou Foe declar'd to guilty Flames!

To thee, behold thy Votaries bend!

O, by thy three mysterious Names,

The chaste Virginia's Prayer attend!

Grateful, to thee, on every festal Day,

Shall tuneful Virgins chant the votive Lay.

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Chaste Diana! give our Charms

Spotless to the Lover's Arms,

When the fated Morn shall rise

Destin'd to our bridal Joys:

Hail Diana! beauteous Maid!

O, be present to our Aid!

[*The Hymn ended, VIRGINIA kneels before the Statue
whilst the Priestess puts Fire to the Altar. The
Flames rise and Thunder is heard.*]

P R I E S T E S S .

Auspicious Omens ! Lo ! the ruddy Flames
Ascend ! and from the Left the rolling Thunder
Breaks o'er the Dome ! The Goddess guards thy
Virtue.

S C E N E II.

VIRGINIA, ICILIA, and the Train of VIRGINS,
advance slowly to the Front of the Stage, the
Scene shuts upon them.

V I R G I N I A .

METHINKS my Soul is more at Ease
Icilia,
A gentle Calm succeeds the Storm of Passion,
Smooth as the Surface of the Lake at Eve,
When every Wind subsides.

I C I L I A .

ICILIA.

Thanks to the Goddess :

Such is the sacred Force of blest Religion,

Her Angel Voice can cheer the drooping Soul,

And drive far off the Clouds of black Despair.

VIRGINIA.

Behold, the Virgins wait ! Lead on, Icilia.

SCENE III.

[*The House of VIRGINIUS.*]

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS.

VIRGINIUS.

WHAT you relate of Appius' Tyranny

I heard, in Part, at Algidum : 'tis strange

That Rome so long has tamely born the Yoke ;

Rome ! Nursing-Mother of a Race of Heroes !

Where is the Soul that fir'd our mighty Brutus,

Hora-

Horatius, Mutius, and the brave Valerius ?
Was it for this they drove the Tarquins hence
By Actions more than human, whilst the Na-
tions,
Aw'd by such wondrous Virtue, gaz'd at Dis-
tance,
Nor dar'd to war with Gods in mortal Form ?
Fought they for Appius ? Did the generous
Father
Doom his own Children to the Ax for him ?

NUMITORIUS.

Virginia comes : unhappy, lovely, Maid !
How droop her Charms, like vernal Flow'rets,
bent
Beneath the beating Storm !

SCENE

SCENE IV.

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS,
VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA.

MY Father ! Then the gracious Gods have
heard me.

(Runs to Virginius and kneels.)

VIRGINIUS.

Rise, my Virginia. O, my Child ! my Child !
I thought at my Return to give thee up
To brave Icilius' Arms, a virtuous Wife,
And not to yield thee to the base Desires
Of thy poor Country's Tyrant : Curses blast him !
Wou'd not this Face of Innocence and Beauty
Melt even a Tyger's Rage ? Was it for this
I early train'd thee in the Ways of Honour,
And taught thy Soul the virtuous Pride of Rome ?

VIRGI-

VIRGINIA.

Alas ! my Father — But I cannot speak —

If you discard me, I am lost indeed :

I am your Child ; ev'n at this Hour I feel

The sacred Force of Nature : not Icilius,

Brave as he is, and worthy of my Choice,

Is more belov'd than you.

VIRGINIUS.

Art thou a Slave ?

O thou dear Pattern of thy beauteous Mother !

Ev'n in that Blush, the Blush of kindling Rage,

And honest Indignation, I can read

The Roman Spirit : yes, thou art my own,

Nor shall the wicked Arm of Power divide us.

VIRGINIA.

Look on me once again, and pity me :

By the dear Object of your youthful Transports,

Your much lov'd Numitoria, by the Joys

Her virtuous Fondness gave you, save my Honour,

Save me from Bonds, and brutal Violation.

G

VIRGI-

VIRGINIUS.

No more, my Child ; thy Fears unman my Soul.

VIRGINIA.

Why was I born to wreck my Father's Peace ?

A barren Bed had blest him. O, Virginius !

Wou'd I had dy'd in Infancy !

VIRGINIUS.

No more ;

I cannot bear this Tenderneſs, Virginia ;

This sudden Guſh of Paſſion quite o'er-whelms
me,

My Heart is torn with Anguiſh. Parent Nature !

Thou art too ſtrong for Reaſon ! O, my Child !

NUMITORIUS.

Thy Prefence ſoftens him too much, Virginia ;

Retire a while.

VIRGINIA.

Will you then calm his Anguiſh ?

Tell him I am not worth this Waſte of Grief.

SCENE

SCENE V.

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS.

VIRGINIUS.

NOT worth my Grief? Said she not so, my
Brother?

O, thou consummate Pattern of all Goodness
What have I left but thee to soften Life,
To soothe the painful Hours of feeble Age,
And strow with Flowers my Passage to the Grave?

NUMITORIUS.

Shake off this Grief, Virginius; steel your Soul
With manly Fortitude: shall then a Soldier,
Bred in the hardy School of daring Virtue,
Shrink at Misfortune's Breath?

VIRGINIUS.

O! Numitorius!

What is the Shock of fighting Fields to this?

To this keen Throb, this tender Pang of Nature ?

NUMITORIUS.

Let us be gone ; e'er this at Themis' Temple
Our Friends are all assembled, and expect us :
The mighty Storm is gathering o'er the Tyrants,
And ready to descend.

VIRGINIUS.

Give me a Moment :

I must have Time to recollect my Soul,
Dispel this Grief, and be again a Roman.

SCENE VI.

VIRGINIA, ICILIUS.

VIRGINIA.

SPITE of thy Courage, and my Father's
Prefence,

Spite of th' auspicious Omens from Diana,

Hope

Hope has forsook my Breast : a Damp unusual
 Dwells on my Soul, and tells me we must part,
 And part for ever : thou most lov'd of Men !
 May'st thou be happy when my Head is low,
 For I shall never see thee more, Icilius.

I C I L I U S.

Why wilt thou dash our Hopes with these Fore-
 bodings,

These causeless Fears ? are not the People ours ?
 Does not the Tyrant's Self confess our Power
 By his Delays ? He hastens not to Judgment
 With the fierce Hope that warm'd him Yesterday ;
 But doubtful, timid, aw'd by brave Virginus,
 In Consultation wastes the flying Hours.

V I R G I N I A.

Alas, Icilius, my foreboding Soul
 Will not attend to Reason : a cold Dew
 Hangs on my Limbs, and chills my vital Powers :
 We ne'er shall meet again ; and yet 'tis hard
 When I reflect how we have lov'd, Icilius ;

For Years have lov'd. When I remember all
 Our Days of chaste Delight, whilst Peace and
 Love

Spread their soft Wings around us, I blaspheme,
 And think the Gods unjust : can'st thou forget
 When dawning Love first warm'd our youthful
 Breasts,

How I have strove in vain to hide my Fondness.
 While kindling Blushes told my soft Desires ?

I C I L I U S.

Curse on the Tyrant ! his inhuman Soul
 Knows not the Force of Love ; he never felt
 The Doubts, the tender, dear Anxieties,
 That wait the soft Affections : fierce Desire,
 Which seeks it's Bliss, tho' in it's Object's Ruin,
 Is all his Breast can know : ah ! how unlike
 The gentle, anxious Passion, which informs :
 My faithful Bosom ! My belov'd Virginia,
 Dost thou remember with what trembling Awe
 My Lips first told the tender Tale of Love ?

So beauteous did'st thou seem, so fair beyond
 My most aspiring Wish, that 'till this Moment
 My Flame had inward burnt, had not Icilia
 With gentle Friendship sooth'd my daring Passion,
 And nourish'd Hope. Why dost thou weep, my
 Love?

VIRGINIA.

Because 'tis past, the Season of Delight,
 Because the coming Hours are wing'd with Horror:
 Alas! our Joys were but a gaudy Dream,
 And now we wake to Misery.

ICILIUS.

Do not weep:
 We shall be happy yet; the smiling Hours
 Have still a thousand Joys in Store for thee.

VIRGINIA.

Wou'd I cou'd hope; but 'tis impossible;
 Despair in all it's Terrors sinks my Soul,
 Scarce will my Limbs support me. O, Icilius!

Why are the Gods so cruel ? But no more ;
 I wou'd not damp thy Courage : my Despair
 Perhaps is only Woman's idle Fears ;
 I love thee, my Icilius, with such Fondness
 As may perhaps encrease my Dread of parting.

I C I L I U S.

Why dost thou talk of parting ? we shall live
 To bless, each other yet.

V I R G I N I A.

My trembling Soul
 Shrinks at the Thought of Death ; this softener,
 Love,
 Has made a Coward of me ; all my Spirit,
 My Roman Resolution, has forsook me.

I C I L I U S.

Let me once more conjure thee, my Virginia,
 To stifle these ill-bodings ; Liberty
 This Hour extends her friendly Arm to save thee,
 And ever-smiling Pleasure waits her Train ;

Revolving

Revolving Years of Joy and Love attend
To bless thee, and reward thy wondrous Virtue.

VIRGINIA.

I will believe thee, I will hope the Gods
Are Friends to Innocence, and will protect us.

ICILIUS.

Thy Words revive my Soul, for, O, Virginia !
I cannot see thee weep, and be a Man :
Give me thy Hand, and let me swear upon it,
By all the chaste Endearments of our Love,
By the past Hours of Peace and Innocence,
By Juno, Guardian of the Marriage Bed,
I love thee more than Life, or virtuous Fame.

VIRGINIA.

Thou will not then forget me when these Eyes
Are clos'd in Death !

ICILIUS.

Forget thee, my Virginia ?
What dost thou mean ?

VIRGI-

VIRGINIA.

If I must die, Icilius,
 Let not another Maid too soon possess
 My Place in that dear Bosom; give a little,
 A little Time to Sorrow and Virginia.
 What have I said? O, all ye Gods, assist him
 To bear my Loss with Fortitude! Pour down
 The Balm of Comfort on his bleeding Soul,
 For too, too well, he loves me!

ICILIUS.

Dost thou think
 I wou'd survive thy Loss?

VIRGINIA.

Thou wou'dst, Icilius,
 Or thou hast never lov'd: with streaming Eyes
 I here adjure thee, by the Love thou bear'st me,
 By sacred Honour; and the Name of Roman,
 If strong Necessity compels my Death,
 Live to revenge the lost Virginia's Wrongs,

To

To drive these Tyrants hence, and free thy
Country :

Swear this, or by the Majesty of Rome,
By awful Jove, and that bright Virgin Goddess
Before whose Altar I so lately bow'd,
I ne'er will see thee more.

ICILIUS.

What hast thou said ?

I swear then — O, Virginia ! cruel Maid !
Is this thy Tenderness ? —

VIRGINIA.

My Soul is lighter : may the gracious Gods
Preserve us for each other ! But shou'd Fate
Divide us, and my dreadful Fears be just,
Revenge shall please my Ghost : thy Promise
spreads

A Gleam of Pleasure round my drooping Heart :
My Country too may owe her Peace to me,
My Death may shake these Tyrants : O, Icilius !
How poor is Life to this ?

ICILIUS

ICILIUS.

Thou virtuous Maid !

Talk not of Death, Rome shall again be free,

And dear Virginia live to share the Blessing :

Yes, thou shalt live to bless my faithful Arms,

To soothe my Pains, to soften every Care,

And give new Charms to Liberty itself.

VIRGINIA.

Where is thy Sister, my belov'd Icilia ?

Fain wou'd I see her, e'er I go to meet

My dreadful Sentence : once again my Soul

Wou'd rest its Sorrows on her friendly Bosom.

ICILIUS.

I go to seek her, she will comfort thee ;

The Voice of Friendship is the sweetest Balm

For every Woe : the Minutes call me from thee,

Perhaps I may return with News of Joy.

(Going.)

VIRGINIA.

Icilius.

ICILIUS.

ICILIUS.

My Love.

VIRGINIA.

Come back, and let me feed my Eyes upon thee;
Let me once more behold thee e'er thou go'st;
Not the fond Mother views her darling Babe
With such strong Tenderness as melts my Soul
At Sight of thee, nor do such Fears distract her
When Danger hovers o'er it, as my Breast
Feels at the Thought of parting.

ICILIUS.

Thou soft Blessing!
Thou dearest Gift of Heaven! no more of parting:
Turn all thy Thoughts to Liberty, and Love:
This very Moment my fond Soul dissolves
With Passion too extreme; my Eyes, unwearied,
Hang on thy lovely Form, and lost in Pleasure,
Melt with soft Languishment. O, let me clasp
thee!

One dear Embrace before we part, Virginia!

VIRGI-

VIRGINIA.

My Father here ! let us avoid his Presence ;
His Wisdom may condemn this ill-tim'd Softness.

SCENE VII.

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS.

NUMITORIUS.

I wonder much, my Brother, Appius sent not
To seize you in the Camp ; 'twas what I
fear'd,
Tho' from Virginia, and our Friends, I hid
The sad unpleasing Thought.

VIRGINIUS.

Thou dost remind me
Of what I had forgot : I met a Slave
Hasting to Algidum on Eagle's Wings ;
The very Ground beneath him seem'd to fly ;
But all unknowing of this dire Attempt,

Almost

Almost unmark'd he past me.

NUMITORIUS.

Heaven assists us ;

That Messenger was surely sent by Appius.

VIRGINIUS.

Thanks to the gracious Gods he came too late.

But see, my Child ! Wilt thou a Moment
leave us.

SCENE VIII.

VIRGINIUS, VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIUS.

I fought thee, my Virginia ; I wou'd once
Indulge a Parent's Fondness, e'er the Hour,
The fatal Hour, that now too near approaches.

VIRGINIA.

Why will you melt me thus ?

VIRGI.

VIRGINIUS.

My lovely Child,
When I remember thy dear dying Mother,
My Soul is lost in Anguish : yet I see her :
She took my Hand, and pressing it in hers,
With Looks that pierc'd my Soul, and Tears that
flow'd
In silent Showers unbidden down her Cheek
She falt'ring just pronounc'd, My dearest Lord,
Be careful of Virginia, and expir'd.

VIRGINIA.

I cannot bear this Softness. _____

VIRGINIUS.

Weep not, my Child, I was to blame to wound
The Sweetness of thy Nature ; but forgive me.
Yes, thou hast all thy Mother in thy Face ;
Her melting Mildness, her enchanting Smiles,
Chastis'd by Virtue : when I look upon thee
I see my Numitoria ; so she bloom'd

When

When first she gave her Beauty to my Arms :
 And can I leave thee to the Tyrant's Rage ?
 No by the Gods of Vengeance, I will save thee
 From his foul Purpose, tho' my Death —

VIRGINIA.

My Father,
 What have you said ? I were a Slave indeed,
 And Claudius' Claim were just, cou'd I submit
 To save a worthless Life on such Conditions.
 No, may the Gods, with Length of Days, and
 Peace,
 Bless you, when poor Virginia is forgot !
 By awful Heaven, this Dagger's friendly Point
 Shall vindicate the Honour of my Race,
 And save me from Pollution : I will show
 I am Virginius' Daughter.

VIRGINIUS.

Mighty Gods !
 Do Slaves think thus ? But I must hide my Tears :
(aside.)

H

Give

Give me that Dagger, my lov'd Child.

VIRGINIA.

O, Sir!

Will you then rob me of my last Resource?

Let not the Tyrant triumph o'er my Fame.

VIRGINIUS.

I will not, my Virginia, I will use it

In thine and Virtue's Cause: on thy Obedience

I charge thee give it.

VIRGINIA.

Take it, and remember, *(Giving the Dagger.)*

Your Daughter gives her Honour to your Hands:

This was her only Pledge of Liberty.

VIRGINIUS.

I will remember; trust thy Father's Care;

When did I e'er deny thy just Request?

Or when, Virginia, did'st thou ever ask

What strict enquiring Reason cou'd refuse?

Still hast thou been the best, most duteous Child,

That

That ever blest a tender Parent's Days ;
 My fond Heart doats upon thee. But behold,
 The brave Trebonius comes ! He must not see
 This soft, unmanly, Tenderness, which shames
 My Roman Fortitude, and calls me Coward.
 Retire, Virginia, and exchange that Garb
 Of Peace and Innocence, for sable Weeds,
 Befitting thy unhappy State.

SCENE IX.

VIRGINIUS, TREBONIUS.

TREBONIUS.

VIRGINIUS,
 Your Friends expect you.

VIRGINIUS.

Pardon my Delays:

O, did'st thou know Virginia's Worth, Trebo-
 nius,

H 2

Thou

Thou wou'd'st not wonder at a Father's Fondness :
 The Patriot Soul of Clelia breathes in her ;
 She loves her Country with as warm a Zeal
 As e'er inspir'd the noblest Roman Breast ;
 Her filial Goodness too ! Forgive these Tears,
 How can I think of such a Loss with Patience ?

TREBONIUS.

You wrong the Gods by this Despair, Virginus :
 Let the fierce Tyrant fear ; the virtuous Man,
 Safe in himself, can brave the Frowns of Fortune :
 Like the strong Oak, when Clouds the Heavens
 deform,
 He fearless stands amidst the hostile Storm ;
 In vain the Rains descend, the Torrents rise,
 In vain fierce Whirlwinds rend the bursting Skies,
 His firm Foundation all their Rage defies.



ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

[*The Street.*]

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, LICTORS.

APPIUS.

NO more : my Heart disdains thy coward
Counsels :

Shall I then fear Virginius ? Shall a Slave,
A vile Plebeian, awe the Soul of Appius ?
By Heaven, I almost scorn myself for doubting ;
For poorly listening to thy abject Fears,
And wasting precious Moments in Delay.

CLAUDIUS.

If you retreat not, certain Death attends you :
Sedition fills the Streets.

A P P I U S.

Away, thou Coward !

The boldest of these Miscreants dread my Frown :
 Attempt no more to stop my headlong Course,
 My boiling Blood disdains the Voice of Reason ;
 I can no longer bear these eager Wishes :
 I will possess her, tho' I rush on Death.

My brave Patrician Guards are gone before,
 To fill the Avenues, and awe the People.

On to the Forum, Lictors. Ha ! Virginius !
 Let us avoid him : no, I've better thought ,
 Ambition yet may bend him. All retire.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

APPIUS, VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS.

(*Claudius and Lictors at a Distance.*)

APPIUS.

VIRGINIUS, in thy gloomy Eyes, I read,
Thy stern Resentments; but thou greatly
wrong'st me,

I but direct the steady Reins of Justice,
Nor can refuse Redress: thou art abus'd ;
Virginia is a Slave, and not thy Daughter.

VIRGINIUS.

Abandon'd, impious Villain ! but I scorn
To hold Discourse with thee. Away my Brother.
We'll meet thee at the Forum. (*To Appius.*)

APPIUS.

I forgive thee ;
The Fondness of a Father fills thy Heart,

H 4

Tho'

A P P I U S.

Away, thou Coward !

The boldest of these Miscreants dread my Frown :

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H 4

Tho'

Tho' 'tis misplac'd : yet hear me, brave Vir-
 ginus ;

Tho' well I know Virginia is a Slave,
 Yet if thou give Consent that I shall wed her,
 Claudius, at my Request, shall drop his Claim,
 I will this very Hour divorce Sempronia,
 Espouse this beauteous Maid, and raise thee
 high,
 Even equal with the noblest Roman Names.

VIRGINIUS.

Thou raise Virginius? Who has given thee Power
 To raise a Roman? Am I not thy Equal?
 Free as thyself, tho' of Plebeian Race?
 By Heaven, cou'd I forgive Virginia's Wrongs,
 Yet for this Insolence, my hot Revenge
 Shou'd even to Death pursue thee.

APPIUS.

Yet beware :
 My Rage may rise, and crush thee.

VIRGI-

VIRGINIUS.

By the Gods,
I almost pity thee. Mistaken Man!
Who see'st not o'er thy Head th' impending
Storm,
Which soon will burst in Thunder. Go, dismiss
The Pageants of thy fancy'd Power, those Lictors
Suit not a private Station.

APPIUS.

Yet Virginus,
I am thy Friend : so ardent is the Love
I bear Virginia, I forgive ev'n this :
I cannot live without her, give her to me,
And by imperial Jove I swear ———

NUMITORIUS.

Wou'd Appius wed a Slave ?

APPIUS.

No more of that ;
She is no Slave if he accept my Offers ;
Nay, more, the noble Fabius shall adopt her.

VIRGI-

VIRGINIUS.

O Villain ! Shameless Villain wer't thou great
 As thy deluded Fancy represents thee,
 I wou'd disdain, wou'd spurn thy base Alliance,
 And give Virginia to Icilius' Arms.

APPIUS.

Ha ! brav'd by thee ? Then hear me, thou fond
 Father ;

E'er yonder Sun descends his Western Road,
 Thou shalt behold Virginia in my Arms ;
 Shalt hear her, shrieking, call in vain for Help,
 Whilst I, like Rome's great Founder, Romulus,
 With manly Force compress her struggling Beau-
 ties,

And gratify, at once, my Love and Vengeance :
 Then when thy Tongue too late shall curse thy
 Folly,

Death, in his foulest Shape, shall seize upon thee,
 Thee, and thy Patriot Friends. Lead to the
 Forum. *(To the Lictors.)*

SCENE

SCENE III.

VIRGINIUS, NUMITORIUS.

NUMITORIUS.

ALL righteous Jove ! Where sleeps thy venge-
ful Thunder ?

VIRGINIUS.

I cannot curse : my Indignation choaks me.

O, Numitorius ! But, no more : Away.

SCENE IV.

[*The House of VIRGINIUS.*]

VIRGINIA, ICILIA.

VIRGINIA.

THOU art too kind, Icilia, thus to share
My Hours of Sorrow : how shall I repay
thee

For all thy wondrous Friendship ?

ICILIA.

ICILIA.

O, Virginia !

Let but the Gods preserve thee from this Tyrant,
And I am blest ; wilt thou forgive these Tears ?
I came to comfort thee, but want myself
The Friend I meant to be : my Heart is breaking.

VIRGINIA.

In pity stop these tender Tears, Icilia,
They wound my Soul ; perhaps the lawless Ty-
rant
May yet relent ; may give me back to Love,
And to my weeping Friends : perhaps the Gods,
By Means we think not of, may save my Honour.

SCENE

SCENE V.

VIRGINIA, ICILIA, NUMITORIUS,
TREBONIUS.

TREBONIUS.

WHERE is Virginia? She is summon'd
hence;

This very Moment Appius gains the Forum;
I saw him pass, with hasty Steps he went,
He started oft, and cast his Eyes around,
Then bent them gloomily to Earth; and trembled,
As if distracted with contending Passions.

VIRGINIA.

O, I shall faint! Support me, dear Icilia,
The dreadful Hour is come: where is Icilius?
Where is my Father? Sure they will not leave me.

TREBONIUS.

They wait without, to guard thee to the Forum,
Surrounded by their Friends: a Train of Matrons

Attend

Attends thee too : dismiss thy Fears, Virginia,
And trust the Roman People.

VIRGINIA.

O, Trebonius,
I fear my Heart will be too true a Prophet :
But let us go. Farewell, my dear Icilia.

ICILIA.

Stay but a Moment more. Alas ! Virginia,
I have a thousand tender Things to say,
But Tears prevent me : think how we have lov'd,
And pity me. —————

VIRGINIA.

Forbear this cruel Kindness ; thy Complaining
Disarm my Soul : I wou'd be more than Woman
To meet approaching Fate ; but thy fond Tears,
Have soften'd me, Icilia, to an Infant.

Farewell : may Heaven reward thy matchless
Goodness

To thy ill-fated Friend !

ICILIA.

(III)

ICILIA.

Another Moment,

And I have done : Why do I tremble thus ?

My faltering Tongue will not perform it's Office.

O, dost thou think we e'er shall meet again ?

VIRGINIA.

We shall, Icilia ; Heaven will not abandon

The virtuous in Misfortune : let us hope

For happier Days. The flying Minutes call me :

Once more, farewell, for if I stay a Moment

My Soul will sink in Softness. Come, Trebonius ;

You, Numitorius, for my sake, will stay,

And cheer my drooping Friend : speak Comfort
to her ;

Bid her remember chaste Diana's Omens,

Nor doubt th'immortal Powers. Farewell.

ICILIA.

Trebonius.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ICILIA, NUMITORIUS, TREBONIUS.

TREBONIUS.

WHAT would Icilia ?

ICILIA.

O, if any Pity

Dwells in your Soul, let me not feel a Moment

The Pangs of Doubt : whate'er Virginia's Fate,

Fly on the Instant, and acquaint me with it.

TREBONIUS.

I will, by awful Jove.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ICILIA, NUMITORIUS.

ICILIA.

IF I must lose her ———

O, Numitorius, from our earliest Youth
She was Icilia's other Self. Her Virtues ———
But well thou know'st them ———

NUMITORIUS.

Can'st thou doubt the Gods ?
She is their Care, Icilia. I must leave thee ;
Even this old feeble Arm in such a Cause. —

ICILIA.

A Moment stay : cold Drops bedew my Face,
My trembling Limbs relax, and will not bear me.
O, do not leave me to these dreadful Horrors !

NUMITORIUS.

I wou'd not, but Virginia. ———

I

ICILIA.

ICILIA.

Hence, away !

This Moment leave me : rather let my Brain
Turn with my Fears, than my Virginia want
A Friend to aid her.

NUMITORIUS.

I'm deceiv'd, Icilia,
Or from the Forum sounds confus'd approach us,
Sounds of Distress. I fear I've staid too long.

ICILIA.

Fly to her Aid : stay not to answer me.

SCENE VIII.

ICILIA.

HARK ! Sure I heard a Shrick ! no, 'twas
my Fears :

All is dead Silence. I shall go distracted :
This solemn Stillness o'er the House affrights me :
I'll call the Slaves. Euphronia. No one answers.
All,

All, all are gone to learn Virginia's Fate,
Daughter of Jove ! thou Virgin Goddess, hear !
(*kneeling.*)

If Virtue is thy Care, protect Virginia !
Defend her helpless Innocence !

SCENE IX.

ICILIA, TREBONIUS.

TREBONIUS.

ICILIA.

ICILIA.

Trebonius here ! my beating Heart ——— O
tell me,

Does my Virginia live ?

TREBONIUS.

Alas, Icilia !

How shall I tell thee ? The too partial Gods —

I C I L I A.

Then all is lost.

T R E B O N I U S.

Now summon all thy Courage,
For thou wilt need it all. Unhappy Maid!
Virginia dies this Moment. Gods she faints,
What have I done? Icilia.

I C I L I A.

Are there Gods,
And cou'd they see this? Give me Way, Trebonius,
Where is my murder'd Friend?

T R E B O N I U S.

A Moment hear me:

Too soon her breathless Form ———

I C I L I A.

No more, no more,
I cannot bear it ——— These fond Tears ———
—— Virginia,
Thou then hast kept thy cruel Resolution.

T R E B O-

T R E B O N I U S.

By her own Hand she fell not. Spite of all
 The People's mighty Promises, when Appius,
 Raging with keen Revenge, and wild Desire,
 Unheard all Proofs, soon as she reach'd the Forum,
 Pronounc'd her Claudius' Slave, and sent a Lic'tor
 To seize her, mute they stood, like lifeless Statues,
 And gave him Way: Icilius rush'd like Fate
 To stab the Tyrant, but was soon surrounded ;
 Then poor Virginius — O, Icilia ! Here
 Grief stops my Tongue.

I C I L I A.

What of Virginius ? speak.

T R E B O N I U S.

He snatch'd her from the Lic'tor :
 One last Embrace, he cry'd, is all I ask,
 Then wilding casting up his Eyes to Heaven ;
 As if complaining of the careless Gods ;
 He drew a Dagger, hid beneath his Robe,

And plung'd it in her Bosom, thus, he cry'd
Thy Father keeps his Word, and sets thee free.

ICILIA.

Cruel ! inhuman, Father !

TREBONIUS.

How, Icilia !

What dost thou mean ?

ICILIA.

O, pardon, good old Man !

My frantick Rage, and let me curse the Tyrant
Who turn'd thy Sword upon thy Age's Darling ;
But Death shall free me from this Load of Sorrow.

TREBONIUS.

No more, Icilia ; poor Despair becomes not
A Roman Soul : woud'st thou o'erwhelm thy
Brother,
Already too, too wretched ?

ICILIA.

My Virginia !

Did'st thou not tell me we shou'd meet again ?

TREBO

TREBONIUS.

Behold ! she comes ! this Way the Matrons lead
her :

Alas ! how pale ! how chang'd ! e'er this I fear'd
The Hand of Death had seiz'd her.

ICILIA.

Gracious Gods !

Thus do I see Virginia ? How I lov'd her

You best can tell — Was it for this — Break
Heart,

And let us die together —

I 4

SCENE

SCENE X.

ICILIA, VIRGINIUS, ICILIUS, TRE-
BONIUS, VIRGINIA supported by
Matrons.

VIRGINIA.

HERE, let me rest, my Friends, Life ebbs
apace :

O, I am sick to Death. Where is Icilia ?

TREBONIUS.

She cannot speak to thee.

VIRGINIA.

Come near, Icilia.

Give me thy Hand : may every gracious Power
Shower countless Blessings on thee ! May'st thou
find

Another Friend as true as thy Virginia !

ICILIA.

ICILIA.

O, never, never ; I will follow thee :
I will not live without thee.

VIRGINIA.

Live, I charge thee :
Live for thy Brother's sake : he ill will bear
My Loss ; support him ———

VIRGINIUS.

O ! my Child ! My Child !
Can'st thou forgive me ? Cou'd my Death have
sav'd thee,
I wou'd have bled with Transport ———

VIRGINIA.

Forgive ? I bless you for the Blow that sav'd me,
For this last Act may Heaven reward your Good-
ness.

But you were ever kind, the tenderest, best,
And most indulgent Parent. O, I faint !
How my Eyes swim ! Where is my dear Icilius ?

ICILIUS

ICILIUS.

Thou murder'd Excellence ! My laboring
Soul ———

I cannot speak ———

VIRGINIA.

My Father, my Icilius,
Revenge my Death : O, might it save my Country,
The Gods were kind indeed ! I can no more —
My Breath grows short — give me a little Air :
All-gracious Gods ! preserve, and bless my Father !
'Tis very dark — once more thy Hand, Icilia,
Comfort thy Brother, and remember — Oh ! —
(Dies.)

ICILIA.

Speak to me once again, my dear Virginia ;
O, she is gone for ever !

TREBONIUS.

Lead her hence. (To the Matrons.)

SCENE

SCENE XI.

VIRGINIUS, ICILIUS, TREBONIUS.

VIRGINIUS.

LET swift Destruction seize the Murderous
Tyrant!

Here I devote him to the infernal Gods

By this chaste Blood my wretched Hand has
spilt,

May all his Children bleed before his Eyes,

And Pangs like mine, distract him! O, my Child!

ICILIUS.

Ye vengeful Gods! give Appius to my Sword!

Give me to stab his impious Heart! to drag him

Thro' all the Streets of Rome! and I will bear

This Load of Anguish you have laid upon me.

I will not shed a Tear; my Breast is steel'd

With

With stern Revenge, and Horror: let us go;
Why do we waste in Words the Hour of Blood?

VIRGINIUS.

For this alone I live: for dear Revenge
I drag a wretched Being: yes my Child
Thy Father, who to save thee from Pollution,
Stab'd his own Heart, thro' thine, will yet support
A Life born down with Grief, to glut thy Shade
With Vengeance on the Monster who destroy'd
thee.

SCENE XII.

VIRGINIUS, ICILIUS, TREBO-
NIUS, NUMITORIUS, Romans.

NUMITORIUS.

ENOUGH, my Friends, Icilius is your
Tribune:

Where is Virginius? Liberty is ours:
The Tyrant falls; the People, all inspir'd

With

With sudden Rage, have burst th'enfeebling
Bands

Of filken Indolence ; a thousand Daggers

Now drink his Blood ;

To make our Freedom sure

They name Horatius and Valerius, Consuls,

And brave Icilius Tribune.

ICILIUS.

Let us fly :

Virginia's injured Spirit hovers o'er us,

And calls for ampler Vengeance : yes, thou
dear one,

The whole accurst Decemvirate shall bleed,

Thy offer'd Victims.

NUMITORIUS.

Mid't the rising Tumult ;

A Messenger is seiz'd, who bears to Fabius

The Tyrant's Orders to behead brave Labeo,

And decimate the Troops : this seals them ours,

And

And points their wavering Swords at the Decemvirs.

TREBONIUS.

Droop not, Virginius; let Revenge awake you;
Revenge, and Liberty: 'tis Rome that calls.

VIRGINIUS.

Yes, brave Trebonius, I obey thy Summons:
Sunk as I am beneath this Weight of Sorrow,
My bleeding Country shall not call in vain:
I will forget the Father, in the Roman.
Here kneel, and swear, by all the Gods of Vengeance,
By Liberty, and by the Soul of Rome,
To aid my just Revenge: swear on this Dagger,
Stain'd with the Blood of Innocence.

ALL ROMANS.

We swear.

VIRGINIUS.

'Tis not for me, but for yourselves, O, Romans!

That

That Freedom bids you wake the glorious Flame;
 To save your blooming Virgins from Pollution:
 I have no Interest in these Tyrant's Deaths:
 What can I lose? Alas! I have no Daughter.

(Looking on Virginia's Body.)

TREBONIUS.

The Moments call: why waste we Time, Vir-
 ginus?

Fly to the Camp at Algidum, and rouse them
 To Liberty, and Vengeance; whilst Icilius,
 With Numitorius hastens to Fidenæ,
 And fires their Bosoms with the Tyrant's Order.
 Horatius, and Valerius, with myself,
 Will keep alive this Spirit in the City,
 'Till you, by hasty Marches, bring the Soldiers,
 To finish what the People have begun.

NUMITORIUS.

Tomorrow's rising Dawn shall see our Eagles,
 Led by Revenge, approach the Walls of Rome.
 O, my Trebonius! this dear, murder'd Maid,

This

This second Lucrece, saves her suffering Country.
 The Ways of Heaven are hid from human Sight,
 Unsearchable to Man : tho' Justice lingers,
 'Tis but with Rage redoubled to return,
 And crush the Tyrant who securely sins,
 Nor deems that Jove beholds his dark Offences.

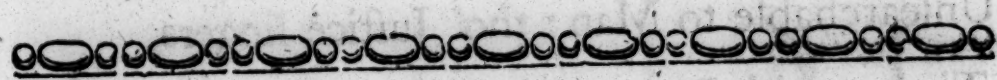
TREBONIUS.

From this Event, let erring Mortals know,
 Jove marks their Crimes, tho' he withholds the
 Blow :

Black Vengeance rises at his dread Command,
 Nor sleeps the Thunder in th' Almighty's Hand.
 O, King of Gods ! still guard the Roman State !
 Let Death unpity'd on Ambition wait,
 And every Tyrant meet with Appius' Fate !

The E N D.

PASTO-



PASTORALS,
ODES,
AND
TRANSLATIONS.





PASTORALS

PASTORALS

I N that soft Month when Spring's reviving

Power

Reflects in bloom the cash of rose Flower,

Gives to the channel'd Meads their various Hue,

And calls the lively Nymphs forth to view;

Two numerous Nymphs, the fairest of the Grove

While Morning told alternate song of Love.

TRANSLATIONS

See, gentle Lelia, the young Damsel

Gild the Green Valley, and the dewy lawn;

The soft sounds the Waters murmuring flow,

And breathing Winds a vernal Rites blow;

Our hearts exulting, reason on the plain;

And Nature's Charm, above the musical strain,



P A S T O R A L S.

P A S T O R A L I.

IN that soft Month when Spring's reviving
Power

Restores to bloomy Life each od'rous Flower,
Gives to th' enamel'd Meads their various Hue,
And calls the lively Verdure forth to view ;
Two beauteous Nymphs, the fairest of the Grove,
While Morning rose, alternate, fung of Love.

A M I N T A.

See, gentle Delia, see the rising Dawn
Gild the Green Valley, and the dewy Lawn !
The Lark ascends, the Waters murmuring flow,
And breathing Winds o'er vernal Roses blow ;
Our Lambs exulting, wanton o'er the Plain,
And Nature's Charms invite the tuneful Strain,

Say then, what Swain among'st the rural Throng
Demands the Tribute of thy matchless Song?

DELIA.

O, may blest Concord, to our Land restor'd,
For peaceful Crooks expel the hostile Sword!
Return soft-smiling Peace, since War's Alarms
Have ravish'd Daphnis from his Delia's Arms.

AMINTA.

No rude Alarms disturb Aminta's Ease,
Alike to her are War, and smiling Peace;
In smiling Peace she spends the blissful Hours
With dear Alexis in sequester'd Bowers.

DELIA.

In vain, when Zephyr wakes the genial Spring,
The feather'd Train their Notes melodious sing;
Their Notes melodious no Delight inspire
Since Daphnis' Voice is wanting in the Choir.

AMINTA.

To me or Spring or Autumn grateful Prove;
The Seasons change, but not Alexis' Love:

Alexis'

Alexis' constant Love, in melting Strains,
 Repeating Echo warbles to the Plains :
 His breathing Sighs, convey'd by fanning Gales,
 Improve the Fragrance of the flowry Vales.

DELIA.

Tell me, ye smiling Meads ! ye velvet Plains !
 Why, Daphnis gone, your Verdure still remains ?
 With heedless Glance I pass your Beauties o'er ;
 Still, still you smile, but O, you please no more.

AMINTA.

Sweet is the Month when bounteous Nature
 spreads

Her vernal Mantle o'er the Daify'd Meads ;
 Sweet are the pearly Dewdrops o'er the Field,
 And sweet the Scent the rising Violets yield ;
 Sweet is the Breath of Zeph'rus in the Breeze :
 Sure of Alexis all have learnt to please !
 More sweet the Words his opening Lips disclose
 Than Balm ambrosial breathing from the Rose.

DELIA.

At Distance see the Grove in Order rise
 Where yon tall Pinetree seems to touch the Skies!
 As that fair Tree amidst the humbler Grove,
 So in the Battle shines the Youth I love;
 His graceful Form, and martial Port, by far
 Excel the noblest of the Sons of War.

AMINTA.

With each Perfection blest, my Charmer view,
 Fair as the Light, and fresh as Morning Dew,
 Soft as the Season; as the Season gay,
 And tuneful as the Lark on yonder Spray.

DELIA.

The mingled Flow'rets of the smiling Year
 Compos'd a Garland when my Swain was here;
 He plac'd the Wreath around my flowing Hair,
 And swore, my Blushes made the Rose less fair.

AMINTA.

For dear Alexis opening Roses bloom,
 For him the balmy Lillies shed Perfume.

But

But Hark ! — Methinks along the neighbouring

Grove

I hear the well-known Sound of him I love !

Ye Gods ! 'tis he ! the Woods resound his Lays :

And see ! in yonder verdant Bower he stays !

Come, beauteous Nymph ! and own, my lovely

Swain

Excels the fairest Shepherds on the Plain :

Come, beauteous Nymph ! and hear the melting

Lay

That stole my young unpractis'd Soul away.



PASTORAL II.

PALEMON.

AS late, to shun the Noonday's scorching
Heat,

I sought in yonder Grove a cool Retreat ;

Beneath an Elm, around whose Branches twine

The fragrant Woodbine, and the curling Vine,

Fair Doris sat, and in a dying Strain,
The lovely Maid accus'd her faithless Swain.

Ye wavy Trees! ye gently murmuring Springs!
Attend! to you the wretched Doris sings:
Oft have ye heard, but now shall hear no more,
The melting Vows my perjur'd Damon swore:
Here, while he sung, the Winds forgot to blow,
The Leaves to tremble, and the Streams to flow;
All Nature fix'd in silent Wonder stood,
And not a breathing Breeze disturb'd the Wood.

This Elm is Witness of my constant Flame,
Whose yielding Rhind is pierc'd with Damon's
Name,

Beneath the Shelter of it's spreading Boughs
My lovely Shepherd breath'd his artful Vows;
Here, while his trembling Lips his Flame confest,
The soft Infection seiz'd my pitying Breast.

How sweet with him to trace, at early Dawn,
The flow'ry Mead, or Dew-bespangled Lawn,
With him at Noon to bait the shining Hook

Where

Where the tall Poplar trembled o'er the Brook !
 Then smil'd the Grove, and smil'd the verdant
 Plain,

But Damon false, their Beauties rise in vain.

Ah ! cruel Shepherd ! tho' my Tongue deny'd,
 My downcast Eyes were still on Damon's side.

Return, fair Charmer, to thy native Plains ;
 Return, and bless me with thy tender Strains :
 For thee the Meads shall brighter Liveries wear,
 And studious Nature deck the smiling Year ;
 For thee the Flowers a fairer Bloom disclose,
 And Odours breath more fragrant from the Rose.

Tho' wealthy Daphne larger Flocks may feed,
 And her's the Herds that graze yon flow'ry Mead,
 Yet I can boast unrival'd rural Strains,
 And Charms that fire to Love the fighting Swains :
 Can sordid Gain my Damon's Bosom move ?
 And what is Wealth, Alas ! to faithful Love ?

Ah ! cruel Youth ! no more my Tongue denies,
 And Tears are all the Language of my Eyes.

While

While sadly thus her plaintive Numbers flow'd,
 And Love unfeign'd each tuneful Grace bestow'd,
 Opprest with Grief she sunk upon the Plain,
 Like a fair Lilly overcharg'd with Rain :
 I rais'd the Maid, and bore her from the Grove,
 And curs'd the Shepherd who was dead to Love.



ODES.

O D E S.

O D E I.

To the Muse.

BENEATH this close embow'ring Shade
My languid Limbs supinely laid,
Thy soft, thy gentle Influence, brings
A Bliss unknown to Courts and Kings.

Not fordid Care's intrusive Power,
Nor bleak Misfortune's cruel Hour,
Can reach the raptur'd Poet's Breast ;
Or move the Mind by thee possest.

By thee oppressive Want beguil'd,
Immortal Homer careless smil'd,

While

And much-wrong'd Sappho cou'd defy
The keener Stings of Calumny.

While Care the Miser's Pillow haunts,
With Spectres of imagin'd Wants,
Thy lenient Power my Soul inspires
With Slumbers calm as my Desires.

Yet Ah! while thus supremely blest,
Poetic Pleasure fills my Breast,
Permit, O Muse! one anxious Sigh,
For Britain's drooping Liberty.

O D E II.

To Sappho.

NOT Philomela's liquid Throat,
Nor dear Amintor's softer Note
O, charmer of the Lesbian Plains!
Can equal thy melodious Strains.

When

When, in thy bright enchanting Page,
I view the tender, am'rous Rage,

The melting Lines my Bosom move,
And all my yielding Soul is Love.

And sure thy raptur'd Notes have Art
To melt the stubborn marble Heart;
To wake the soft consenting Glow
Ev'n in Amintor's Breast of Snow.

If magic Numbers can controul
His native Cruelty of Soul,
O, bring the silver-sounding Lyre,
To wake the gentle young Desire!

Harmonious Songstrefs ! I no more
Will Cytherea's Power adore,
Since such dissolving Numbers prove
That Sappho is the Queen of Love.

O D E III.

To Friendship.

NO more fond Love shall wound my Breast;
In all his Smiles deceitful drest,
I scorn his coward Sway;
And now with Pleasure can explore
The galling Chains I felt before,
Since I am free To-day.

Today with Friendship I'll rejoice,
While dear Lucinda's gentle Voice
Shall soften every Care :
O Goddess of the Joy sincere !
The social Sigh ! the pleasing Tear !
Thy nobler Bonds I'll wear.

When first, illfated, hapless Hour !
My Soul confest Amintor's Power

Lucinda

Lucinda shar'd my Grief;
 And leaning on her faithful Breast,
 The fatal Passion I confest,
 And found a soft Relief.

My Steps she oft was wont to lead
 Along the fair enamel'd Mead,
 To soothe my raging Pain;
 And oft with tender Converse strove
 To draw the Sting of hopeless Love,
 And make me smile again.

O much-lov'd Maid! while Life remains
 To thee I'll consecrate my Strains,
 For thee I'll tune my Lyre;
 And echoing with my sweetest Lays,
 The vocal Hills shall speak the Praise
 Of Friendship's sacred Fire.

O D E IV.

O, far remov'd from my Retreat
 Be Av'rice and Ambition's Feet!
 Give me, unconscious of their Power,
 To taste the peaceful social Hour!
 Give me, beneath the branching Vine,
 The Woodbine sweet, or Eglantine
 While Evening sheds it's balmy Dews
 To court the chaste inspiring Muse!
 Or, with the Partner of my Soul,
 To mix the Heart-expanding Bowl!
 Yes, dear Sabina, when with thee
 I hail the Goddess Liberty;
 When, joyous, through the leafy Grove,
 Or o'er the flow'ry Mead, we rove;
 When thy dear tender Bosom shares
 Thy faithful Delia's Joys and Cares,
 Nor Pomp, nor Wealth, my Wishes more,
 Nor the more soft Deceiver, Love.

O D E V.

To Health.

THE Lesbian Lute no more can charm,
Nor my once-panting Bosom warm,
No more I breathe the tender sigh;
Nor, when my beauteous Swain appears
With downcast Look, and starting Tears,
Confess the Lustre of his Eye.

With Freedom blest, at early Dawn,
I wander o'er the verdant Lawn,
And hail the sweet returning Spring;
The fragrant Breeze, the feather'd Choir
To raise my vernal Joys conspire,
Whilst Peace and Health their Treasures bring.

Come, lovely Health! divinest Maid!
And lead me through the rural Shade!

L

To

To thee the rural Shades belong ;
 'Tis thine to bless the simple Swain ;
 And, while he tries the tuneful Strain,
 To raise the raptur'd Poet's Song.

Behold the patient Village-Hind !
 No Cares disturb his tranquil Mind
 By thee, and sweet Contentment, blest ;
 All Day he turns the stubborn Plain,
 And meets at Eve his Infant Train
 While guiltless Pleasure fills his Breast.

O, ever good, and bounteous ! still
 By Fountain fresh, or murmuring Rill,
 Let me thy blissful Presence find ;
 Thee, Goddess, thee my Steps pursue,
 When careless of the Morning Dew,
 I leave the lessening Vales behind.

O D E VI.

WHY will dear Aminta find
Ills beyond the present Hour ?
Why torment her gentle Mind,
With malicious Fortune's Power ?
To Fate belongs Tomorrow's Dawn,
But let To-day be all our own.

While 'tis given to hear thy Voice
Breathe the Softness of thy Soul,
Let us, dearest Maid, rejoice,
Let us fill the sprightly Bowl ;
And whispering low the favor'd Youth,
Commend his Tenderness and Truth.

Wherefore does thy fading Cheek
Speak the Doubt, the tender Fear ?
Why that faint Effort to speak ?

Tell me, why that starting Tear?
Does Damon slight thy gentle Chain,
And sigh for Rhodope again?

Ah! too plain that streaming Eye
Speaks my lov'd Aminta's Pain:
Vain the Voice of festive Joy,
Sorrow waits the Lover's Train:
Too weak, Alas! the powerful Bowl
To cure this Sickness of the Soul.

O D E VII.

On reading the Ode to Wisdom in

C L A R I S S A.

LET Carter sing, in loftiest Lays,
Immortal Wisdom's deathless Praise;
Pleas'd to applaud her tuneful Name,
My Notes shall join the Voice of Fame.

To

To me the Powers benign, decree
 A Soul from pining Envy free,
 That can superior Worth admire,
 And listen pleas'd to Carter's Lyre.

Enough for me, that on the Plains,
 Bright Cecil hears my humbler Strains !
 Can pining Envy touch the Breast,
 In Cecil's partial Favor blest ?

O D E VIII.

AWAY ! nor talk of flow'ry Chains,
 Of dear Distress, and pleasing Pains ;
 But learn this useful Truth from me,
 That Pleasure dwells with Liberty.

Me, let the vagrant Muses lead
 To wander careless o'er the Mead ;
 Or, soft repos'd, beside the Stream,
 To taste the wild poetic Dream.

Let glowing Fancy paint the Scene
 Of airy Pindus, ever green ;
 Around the Delian God, in State,
 Let all his tuneful Servants wait.

And see ! where Sappho sits alone !
 Her flowing Robe, her loosen'd Zone,
 Th' ambrosial Scents her Locks diffuse,
 Distinguish well the Lesbian Muse.

A rosy Smile o'erspreads her Face,
 Her Mein assumes a sweeter Grace ;
 She waves her snowy Hand, and see !
 My gentle Lyre, she points to thee !

She takes, she tries my trembling Lyre,
 And swelling, Lo ! the Notes aspire !
 She strikes the Strings, and all around
 Listening Echoes catch the Sound.

Ah ! could the raptur'd Maid impart
 To me her sweet harmonious Art,

The

The silver *Nine* *, in softest Strain,
 Shou'd hear my warbling Lute complain.

O D E IX.

O, thou, my lov'd, my latest Choice !
 To whom my riper Vows are paid !
 Though thoughtless of thy heav'nly Voice,
 I first the plaintive Strain essay'd ;
 Be thou, O, Fame ! my sweetest, best Reward,
 And crown with deathless Bays thy raptur'd
 Bard.

Awhile, by Sappho's Numbers fir'd,
 I touch'd the languid, Lesbian String ;
 But now by thee arrous'd, inspir'd,
 Of nobler Themes I burn to sing ;
 Of godlike Britain's Liberty and Laws,
 And Heroes bleeding in her beauteous Cause.

* A River in Northamptonshire.

So wanders wild the gen'rous Steed,
 In wanton Youth, of Ease posselt;
 Serene he crops the flow'ry Mead,
 No thought of Glory fires his Breast:
 But when he hears the Trumpet's Sound from far,
 His Soul dilates, and swelling, pants for War.

O, beauteous Liberty! for thee
 The Rhine's unhappy Exiles roam,
 Forc'd by a Tyrant's hard Decree,
 To quit their dear paternal Home:
 By thee Helvetia's barren Mountains smile,
 Nor envy fair Campania's fruitful Soil.

Nor be my weaker Sex deny'd
 To breathe the glorious Patriot Strain;
 Since we can boast, with pleasing Pride,
 The Virgin Queen's triumphant Reign:
 When Tyranny forsook th'enfranchis'd Land,
 And Freedom rose beneath a female Hand.

With

With Freedom rose her genuine Train,
 The Statesman wife, the letter'd Sage,
 The laurel'd Bard, the Chieftain plain,
 And own'd a new Augustan Age :
 Around the great Eliza's dreaded Throne,
 Victorious Essex, Drake, and Raleigh, shone.

Then blameless Walsingham arose,
 At once his Queen's and Country's Friend,
 Skill'd to discern their lurking Foes,
 And from the secret Dart defend :
 And deathless Bacon's comprehensive Soul,
 Of boundless Science grasp'd th' amazing whole.

But see, to guide the golden Reins
 Of Empire, mighty Burghley rise !
 He pours forth Plenty o'er the Plains ;
 Calm, steady, uncorrupted, wise :
 O, sacred Shade ! accept the grateful Lay,
 Each British Voice must to thy Virtues pay.

Then

Then too, the favor'd Muses smil'd ;
 And sporting on the Banks of Thame,
 Strong-fancy'd Spencer, Shakespear wild,
 And Sydney, hail'd Eliza's Name :
 Then manly Johnson's justly pictur'd Page,
 And humorous Fletcher's shook the laughing
 Stage.

O, might those glorious Days return !
 Wou'd Statesmen, fir'd by Burghley's Name,
 With ancient British Ardor burn,
 Scorn selfish Views, and pant for Fame !
 Again our conquering Arms shou'd Gallia weep,
 And Albion reign triumphant o'er the Deep.

Prophetic, Lo ! my raptur'd Mind
 Beholds as rolling Minutes move,
 A Patriot-Monarch *, who shall find
 His Safety in his People's Love :

* The Author wou'd not be misunderstood as meaning any
 Disrespect to a Name for which she has the greatest Ve-
 neration : all she meant was to express the Hopes almost

Unbrib'd, around, his grateful Subjects stand,
While base Corruption blushing leaves the Land.

Then o'er Britannia's beauteous Isle
Shall Peace and Arts together rise;
Encourag'd by the royal Smile,
Shall future Homers reach the Skies:
Each modest Muse shall raise her drooping Head,
Nor pine, neglected, in the barren Shade.

But, whither, fir'd, wou'd Fancy rove,
And soaring, dare the lofty Thème?
Me best befits, amid the Grove,
To paint the Mead, or murmuring Stream:
There let me warble still my artless Lays,
Too blest in beauteous Cecil's gen'rous Praise.

universally conceiv'd, at the Time this Ode was wrote,
of a most amiable Prince, who dy'd not long after, la-
mented by a whole People; and like Titus, left behind
him the Character of, the Friend of Human kind.

END of the ODES.

IMITA-



I M I T A T I O N S.

La bella CACCIATRICE.

From GUARINI.

DONNA, lasciate i boschi:
Che fù ben Cintia Cacciatrice anch'ella,
Ma non fù, come voi, leggiadra; e bella;
Voi avete beltate
Da far preda di Cori, e non di belve:
Vener infra le selve,
Star non conviene, e se convien, deh fiate
Fera solo á le fiere, á mé benigna,
Cintia ne' boschi, e nel mio sen Ciprigna.

I M I T A T E D.

Leave, O leave the woody Glade!
Leave thy Sports, my beauteous Maid!

Cynthia,

Cynthia, of immortal Race,
 Lov'd, 'tis true, the Sylvan Chase,
 Shining in terrific Arms,
 But Cynthia cou'd not boast thy Charms:
 Thy lovely Form was made to fire
 Each am'rous Heart with young Desire,
 And, beauteous as the Dawn of Day,
 To take the Hunters, not the Prey:
 Nor Beauty's Charms, nor smiling Love,
 Become the monster-breeding Grove:
 Yet if thy Breast with Anger burn,
 On furious Beasts thy Fury turn;
 Pursue the Savage o'er the Plain,
 But still be gentle to thy Swain:
 Like Cynthia in the Woods be seen,
 But in my Arms, the Cyprian Queen.

From the SAME.

Felice, chi vi mira;
 Má piú felice chi per voi sospira;
 Felicissimo poi

Chi

Chi, fospirando, fà fospirar voi,
 Ben hebbe amica Stella,
 Chi per Donna fi bella
 Può far Contento in un l'Occhio, e defio ;
 E ficuro può dir, quel Core è mio.

I M I T A T E D.

How blest, my Fair, who on thy Face,
 Uncheck'd by Fear may fondly gaze !
 Who when he breathes the tender Sigh,
 Beholds no Anger in thine Eye !
 Ah ! then, what Joys await the Swain,
 Who fondly pleads, nor pleads in vain !
 Who sees thy panting Bosom rise,
 And gently heave with mutual Sighs !
 O, happiest of the Sons of Earth !
 What friendly Star o'er-rul'd thy Birth,
 That thus with Love-consenting Eyes,
 For thee the brightest Virgin dies ?
 Thy Vows have rais'd th'extatic Fire,
 Erminia melts with soft Desire :

Thy

Thy Voice, with Rapture all divine
Secure may say, this Heart is mine.

From the SAME.

Occhi, Stelle mortali,
Ministre dè miei mali,
Chel' in sogno anco mostrate,
Che mio morir bramate,
Se chiufi m'uccidete,
Aperti, che farete ?

IMITATED.

Ye beauteous Eyes ! ye mortal Stars !
Ye lovely Ministers of Ill !
How shall I meet your magic Force,
That ev'n in Sleep have Pow'r to kill ?
If clos'd, ye steal our Souls away,
Who can resist your opening Ray ?

The E N D.

(150)

The Voice, with a low, hoarse, distant
Scream may be, the first in time.
From the 3rd floor.
Och, Och, Och, Och, Och, Och, Och, Och,
Mimicry of the mail,
Ch, in the same manner,
One into next, then,
So clear in the air,
Again, the first?

IMITATED

Ye famous, ye famous, ye famous,
Ye famous, ye famous, ye famous,
Now shall I meet your magic Force,
That even in sleep have power to kill?
If do, ye shall our souls away,
Who can tell your opening Ray?

The E. W. D.

